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REVIEW OF POLITICS.

THE proceedings of Parliament during the last week have been of rather unusual interest and importance. Although we are inclined to doubt whether this is a favourable opportunity for discussing the question of exempting private property from maritime capture during war, it is impossible to deny that the subject is one of vital interest to a country which possesses the most powerful naval force and the largest commercial marine afloat. If we could induce other nations to accept the proposition of Mr. Gregory without insisting upon any additions to it; and if we could secure the faithful observance of a convention regulating during time of war the proceedings of belligerents, it seems to us quite clear that England would gain by abandoning the right to capture merchant vessels on the high seas. We should thus secure our commerce from obstruction and prevent its being diverted into foreign vessels, while retaining our power of blockading the enemy's ports. We should lose little by giving up the right to seize his ships, while we should obtain a great advantage in securing the safety of our more numerous commercial fleet. But then we doubt whether other countries are not quite as well aware of this as ourselves. It is true that the Government of the United States did once, in a moment of imprudence, offer to make such an arrangement as we have described; but they soon repented of so one-sided a bargain, and insisted upon a mutual surrender not only of the right to capture private property at sea, but of the right to blockade commercial ports. We fear that both the United States and other Powers would prove equally exacting if we were now to enter upon negotiations; and it is clear enough that the abandonment of the power of blockade would deprive us of any available means of using our naval supremacy. We might, it is true, destroy the fortified ports of our antagonist, but he would care little for that so long as the commerce which they were intended to protect is secure from our ravages. We might destroy his fleets if they came out to fight us, but there is no reason why they should do so when it did not in the least matter who "ruled the waves." It is therefore very unlikely that the proposition simply to abandon the right of capturing private property at sea would find much favour with the inferior naval Powers, when the exploits of the *Alabama* and her other consorts have shown how much may be effected against an antagonist of greatly superior power by a few fast and skillfully commanded cruisers. Moreover, we confess that we see the greatest possible difficulty in carrying out such a convention if it were in existence. Without saying that belligerents would refuse to be bound by it on the first breaking out of hostilities, we have no faith in their adhering

to it under the pressure and the excitement of war. It would be evaded by one side or the other, or what comes to the same thing, it would be thought to be evaded. Vessels would be captured on the ground that they were going to a blockaded port, or that they were carrying contraband of war. Their liability to seizure for these reasons would infallibly be denied. The retaliation would follow; the convention would be broken on both sides; and we should probably find our commercial marine exposed to danger at the very moment when we were least prepared to defend it. Upon the whole, therefore, it seems to us that it is our most prudent course to accept the risks with the advantages of the present system. At any rate, we now know what we have to expect upon the breaking out of a naval war; but if we were to try the experiment of carrying on hostilities under stipulations, we should be obliged to rely on the doubtful faith of the other belligerent, and we should be constantly exposed to the risks which beset those who repose on a false and delusive sense of security.

The Conservatives have never forgotten the exposure of their own malpractices in the dockyards, which formed the prominent scandal of Lord Derby's short administration in 1852. They have ever since been trying to catch their opponents "napping" in a similar manner, and it really seemed the other day as if they had succeeded. They discovered that certain voters for the borough of Devonport, who are employed in the government establishments, had been subjected to a most improper cross-examination by the agents for the petitions against the sitting members. That this had been done in the dockyard itself, and under cloak of a telegram from the Admiralty, directing that facilities should be given for the service of the Speaker's warrants upon these men, were awkward facts which certainly required explanation. But it seems to us that the explanation which has been given is perfectly satisfactory, so far as the Board of Admiralty is concerned. All that was done by them was to facilitate the execution of a legal process. If, by the carelessness or connivance of the local authorities, these facilities were abused, neither the Duke of Somerset nor Lord Clarence Paget can be held responsible; and up to the present time the attempt to make a case against either of these high officials has signally failed. In fact, both of them were entirely ignorant of what had taken place until they heard of it from Sir John Pakington; and, under these circumstances, although a dockyard superintendent or some inferior officer may be detected in malpractices by the committee for which the right hon. baronet intends to move, there is every reason to believe that the Government will come out scatheless from the ordeal.

Our hopes of any retrenchment in the army estimates have proved as fallacious as those which we formed in

reference to the reduction of naval expenditure. It is true that our land forces appear to cost us £250,000 less than they did last year, but then the Marquis of Hartington tells us that, owing to a diminution of repayments by the Indian Government, the net economy is only £6,500. In explanation of the reasons why a greater reduction had not been made, the noble Marquis stated that an unavoidable increase had taken place in the commissariat, militia, and works votes. It is certainly very satisfactory to find that the volunteer force is both more numerous and more efficient than it was last year; but, on the other hand, it is impossible to deny that the difficulty of recruiting the regular army is becoming a source of serious embarrassment. The Government are very properly about to issue a commission of inquiry into the causes of this difficulty, and the best means of surmounting it; it would of course be useless to discuss the subject pending their deliberations. We cannot, however, help saying that we do not believe any steps which may be taken will have the effect of attracting a better class of recruits into our army, if we do not break down the spirit of caste which is kept alive by the purchase system, and hold out a definite and well-assured hope of promotion to all who prove themselves good soldiers, and afford proof of their competence to hold her Majesty's commission. On one point the remarks of the noble Marquis were eminently re-assuring. Although we never entertained any serious apprehensions as to the spread of Fenianism in the army, it is well to know, on the most competent authority, that with few exceptions our soldiers are thoroughly loyal, and can be safely relied upon in any emergency which may arise.

The second reading of the Bill for the Abolition of Church-rates has been carried in a very full house, by a majority of 33. This is, we imagine, scarcely so decisive a triumph as had been expected by the Liberation Society and their friends; but it is a sufficiently decisive vote to impress upon the friends of the Church the extreme expediency of an early settlement of this long-vexed question. The tone of the debate was, we are glad to say, favourable to this result. The suggestion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer—given in capacity as an individual member and not as a member of the Government—that the rate should be rendered voluntary instead of being as now compulsory, seems to afford the basis of a compromise, which both sides would be well advised to adopt. The Dissenters would thus obtain the relief they desire, without incurring the odium of being "ticketed," while the Church would lose little or nothing in those parishes in which the rate is now levied, or in which it can be levied with advantage to the Establishment.

The negotiations between the Emperor of Austria and his Hungarian subjects do not make much progress. Indeed, it would hardly be too much to say that they have come to a deadlock. The Lower House of the Diet, as we stated when writing on the subject last week, insist that the complete independence of Hungary should be recognised, that the laws of 1848 should be confirmed, and that a responsible Ministry should be appointed, before the relations between the kingdom and the rest of the Austrian empire are taken into consideration. The Emperor, on the other hand, in replying to the Address presented to him, declares that the third article of the law of 1848, establishing a separate Ministry for Hungary, could not be maintained consistently with a proper treatment of common affairs; that other articles of the same law are equally objectionable; and that their re-establishment is impossible until they have undergone revision and amendment. The Emperor and the Diet have therefore taken up antagonistic positions; and nothing further can be done until one or the other gives way. We do not believe that Deak and his friends will make any concession on what they consider a cardinal point; and Francis Joseph is hardly more likely to yield. It is obviously dangerous in the highest degree to give the Magyars all they want in the hope of afterwards getting something back; and it is believed that his Majesty is of opinion that an appeal to the country would result in the return of a Diet more favourable to his views. In all probability that appeal will therefore be made, and the present critical state of affairs will be prolonged for an indefinite period. We regret that this should be the case, but we certainly cannot blame the Emperor for resisting the extreme demands made upon him. Nor, while we respect the staunchness with which the Hungarians stand by their ancient constitution and their historical rights, can we help thinking that under all the circumstances they would act wisely in tempering their firmness with conciliation.

The fate of the Principalities is still unsettled, but their tranquillity continues undisturbed. The authority of the Provisional Government, which was established after the recent bloodless revolution, seems to be generally recognised in the provinces; and both the executive and legislative bodies are exercising their functions with as much freedom and confidence as if the present were the normal condition of things. They are contracting a national loan; they have passed bills organizing the civic guard and calling out 4,000 men for military service; and they are about to discuss the separation of Church and State. So far as we can see, they are perfectly able to manage their own affairs, and to dispose of their fate without the intervention of any other Powers. But of course this will not be permitted; and, indeed, we see that the Porte has already intimated a wish to march troops into the country. That, however, will hardly meet the views of the Powers which signed the Treaty of Paris; and we may safely anticipate that these provinces will once more give a good deal of trouble to the diplomatists of Europe in conference assembled. Whether any advantage will be gained by these distinguished persons employing their time in such a manner is more than doubtful. But it would be too much to expect that the principle of non-intervention should be applied to the solution of any branch of the great Eastern question. The fears of some and the hopes of others alike stand in the way of adopting this simple and common-sense course.

President Johnson has taken decided action in opposition to the Radical majority in Congress. One of their favourite measures was the Freedmen's Bureau Bill. Under this it was proposed to extend the operation of the Freedmen's Bureau to refugees and freedmen in all parts of the United States; to empower the President to divide the Southern States into districts, and place each district under an officer of the army; to authorize the issue of provisions, clothing, food, &c., to refugees and freedmen; to set apart for their use public lands in Florida, Mississippi, and Arkansas, and to extend military jurisdiction and protection over all persons who were denied any civil rights on account of race or colour. In other words, it aimed at the subjection of the late Confederate States to a military despotism, in the interest of the negroes. To have passed such a Bill would have been to postpone indefinitely the reconstruction of the Union, and to disappoint every one of the expectations justly formed by the men of the South when they frankly accepted their defeat and laid down their arms at the close of the civil war. With such a Bill in operation there could have been no further thought of conciliation or compromise. There would have been no alternative but to carry out to the bitter end the policy of Stevens and Sumner, and to govern the South as a mere territory until, by long years of suffering, the white race had learnt to submit to the supremacy of the blacks. The President could, therefore, have had no difficulty in arriving at the conclusion that the time had come to make a firm and decided stand. He has done so by vetoing the Freedman's Bureau Bill; and it now remains to be seen whether he or the majority in Congress will receive the support of the people. It would be premature to pronounce a decided opinion upon this point until we hear what is the view of the Western States. But so far as large and enthusiastic meetings at New York and Washington indicate the state of public opinion, there can be no doubt that this is in a very marked degree favourable to the President. To a deputation which waited upon him from the latter of these meetings, Mr. Johnson made a very remarkable and in some respects, we cannot help thinking, a very injudicious speech. We do not believe that he is in any danger of assassination; and the apprehensions which he expressed on this score tend to throw considerable doubt on the sobriety of his judgment. But we fully sympathize with his resolute determination to maintain the Union against the fanatics of the North, as he formerly maintained it against the secession of the South. We have little doubt that he will carry the country with him, and in that case we anticipate that his opponents will gladly accept any compromise which he may offer them. If, indeed, men like Stevens and Wendell Philipps could have their way, the United States might be exposed to the danger of another convulsion. But we do not believe that anything of the kind will take place. The practical sagacity of the nation will assert itself in the hour of danger; and an earnest desire for the restoration of the Union will suppress all mere party cries. We do not know

whether even Mr. Johnson will succeed in healing the wounds left by the late civil war. But of this we are certain—that if the States of the American Republic ever again become “United” in fact as well as in name, that consummation will be mainly due to the bold and statesmanlike policy of the present President.

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

THE *Times* has not yet turned out Lord Russell. It has not succeeded in making the father of Mr. Horsman's wife's nephew's wife Prime Minister. The Horsman-Lowe “little game” has failed in this case, as it failed a few nights before in the House of Commons, when it set a trap into which Mr. Bright did not condescend to walk. But what the *Times* has not done for Lord Russell, many persons fear he is going to do for himself. We stand “on the brink of a great event.” The Chancellor of the Exchequer will tell the House on Monday evening what it is the desire of the Cabinet to effect with a view to the better representation of the people of England in Parliament. The intermitting organ of the Belgravian *boudoirs*, which professes to say nothing without the inspiration of the Goddess of Wisdom, informed us last week that the Government measure was expected to “settle the question,” and to “obtain the support of the great majority of the House, even, it is pretended, of the Conservatives.” The *Owl* does not commit itself to any positive declaration in the matter, but we may fairly conjecture that a measure calculated to please the Conservatives will not altogether satisfy the expectations of the English people. We hear of inquiries made in parts of the country as to the number of occupiers in boroughs whose rent is £7 a year. This would seem to indicate that the Cabinet, having discovered that a £6 rating qualification would not give satisfaction, and not daring to venture on the revolutionary project of a £6 rental franchise, though it is patronized by the safe and respectable member for Leeds, will not go beyond the tentative limit of £7. This is scrupulosity with a vengeance. Pay £7 a year for the house you live in, and your judgment upon all questions of current politics, if not infallible, is at least sound. But if you pay only £6, it would be opening the sluices of democracy to give you a vote, and we might just as well at once send off our esteemed Royal Family to Coburg, and invite some tailor or other to preside over the destinies of an English Republic, one and indivisible.

We may, however, be doing the Government an injustice in supposing that the measure they are about to submit is of so restricted a nature. Perhaps they are even prepared to go the length, at least in principle, of Mr. Clay's Bill, to the first reading of which they offered no objection. For ourselves, we do not see why the franchise should not be based on intelligence as well as on property. If we look to “the greater good of the greater number,” the opinion of an undepraved Caseley is entitled to as much weight as the opinion of an average Elcho. Let us always bear in mind, besides, that the Elchos have their own House of Lords to secure them against all encroachments. Mr. Clay may, possibly, have shown too much of the spirit of a *doctrinaire* in the mode in which his educational test is to be applied. The Chinese system is good in its way, but it may easily be overdone. Instead of requiring applicants for the elective franchise to go through an examination in the “three r's,” would it not be better to ask for a certificate that they had attended some school for (say) six years after they were ten years old? We complain that parents of the humbler class do not leave their children long enough at school. Why not encourage them to do so by making continued attendance at school a qualification in after years for the elective franchise. Mr. Walpole, Tory as he is, at one time proposed to give votes to all militiamen. *A priori*, the proposition was not unreasonable. If a man is ready to shed his blood in his country's cause, it is not a great concession to let him have an opinion, and a means of giving some effect to it, as to how his country should be ruled. In fact, the Guards, whose barracks were within the borough boundary, had at one time votes for Westminster. The reason for their disfranchisement would operate now as an argument against enfranchising soldiers of any sort. There is not at present a strong demand for household suffrage, but we must not conclude that a politician who goes so far is necessarily a disciple of Tom Paine. The late Earl of Durham, who was the son-in-law of the Earl Grey of 1832, was in favour of it. So was Earl Grey himself in 1797, as well as Fox, and Sheridan, and Erskine. So was Pitt, even, in 1785. If Mr. Gladstone wishes to “let in the nation,” as he seemed to intimate in his reply to Mr. Ducane on Wednesday, he will act in the spirit

of his own Reform speech (without the preface), and not shrink from a very large extension of the franchise.

But a measure for the extension of the franchise merely, on no matter how liberal a basis, will not be sufficient. There must also be a redistribution of seats. The electors of Calne, whose representative makes such a noise in the House, are in number 175. But 88 of them would be enough to counter-balance the votes of 11,396 electors in the northern division of the West Riding of Yorkshire. Mr. Lawson, the Attorney-General for Ireland, represents a constituency of 86 electors, 44 votes would secure his seat, and his vote is as powerful as that of either of the members for the county of Cork, whose constituency numbers 15,572. The Scotch constituencies are better arranged, and the anomalies existing among them are not so glaring. The English boroughs, especially in the south of our island, are the great absurdities. Tavistock has 433 electors, and 2 members; Thetford 217 electors, and 2 members; Totnes 250 electors, and 2 members; Honiton 283 electors, and 2 members. Other instances are nearly as bad. In every one of these cases, be it remembered, a bare moiety of the constituency, with one over, would have two voices in the popular branch of our legislature.

It is the first duty of our statesmen to think of the country and of what they owe to it. If such considerations have not sufficient weight with them, it is their interest at least to think of what they owe to their own reputation. The settlement of the question of Parliamentary Reform on a just and popular basis, would crown with glory the close of Lord Russell's great and often meritorious political career. It would give to his chosen and inevitable successor the only title he wants, to be the acknowledged head and leader of the Liberal party. But, to speak explicitly, any paltering with the question, any attempt to cheat the people, any bid for Tory help in carrying the Government measure, can only result in general disappointment and dissatisfaction. It will bring down an aged statesman's grey hairs in disgrace to the grave, and it will generate a belief in the public mind that his younger coadjutor, in the many changes through which his political creed has passed, and after all his public services, has not yet quite learned either to trust his countrymen, or to gain their trust.

JAMAICA.

ALTHOUGH the Royal Commission had only been sitting for a fortnight at the date of the last advices from Jamaica, the evidence which it had then taken enables us to form a tolerably clear and decided opinion upon several points connected with the late outbreak, and with the means adopted for its suppression. It is evident that the rising at Morant Bay was far more than an ordinary riot. Amongst the negroes of the Stoney Gut and neighbouring districts, it is proved that a spirit of disaffection had been for some time prevalent. Their march upon the Court-house of St. Thomas-in-the-east, on the 11th of October, was plainly an organized and premeditated proceeding; and although the precise character and scope of their plans may still remain open to some question, we do not entertain any doubt that they contemplated the wholesale murder of the whites, and had some vague notion of seizing the island for themselves and their compatriots. The stories of their having mutilated the unfortunate Englishmen whom they killed have turned out unfounded, except in one instance; but still it is obvious that their conduct was of the most brutal and bloodthirsty kind, and that their proceedings were not only abominable in themselves, but were full of danger to the peace and tranquillity of the colony. They were not content with killing the Baron Ketelholdt and his friends, and with plundering the houses at Morant Bay, but they spread themselves in parties over the adjacent country, robbing and murdering as they went, and endeavouring to incite those of their own race to join them in an attack on the whites. Considering the excitable character of the negro population, and the fact that they had for some time serious cause for being discontented with the Government under which they lived, we are quite ready to admit that the crisis was one of serious danger, and that Governor Eyre was called upon to take the most energetic and vigorous measures for suppressing the outbreak and for bringing the participants in it to a speedy and severe account. But he did much more. There is not a tittle of evidence of any general combination or conspiracy amongst the negroes. All the outrages of which we have any proof seem to have been committed by detachments from the band of Paul Bogle; and we have yet heard nothing which leads us to think that the rest of the population were at all implicated in them. Under the influence of the fears and

passions of those by whom he was surrounded, Mr. Eyre, however, jumped at once to the rash conclusion that he had to deal with a deep-laid and far-reaching conspiracy; that the whole island was on the brink of a volcano; and that the only way of protecting the whites was to deal with the negroes generally as if they were all hostile in heart if not rebellious in fact. It was, perhaps, natural that he should commit such a mistake, seeing that he does not appear even yet to have realized the difference between political discontent and the disaffection which ends in revolt. But the very circumstance that he confounds things so essentially different deprives his opinion of the danger by which he was surrounded of the slightest weight, and warrants our examining the facts with a very jealous eye. Having regard to them, and to them alone, we can only come to the conclusion that he greatly exaggerated the danger to which the colony was exposed, and that this fundamental error tainted the whole of his subsequent proceedings.

We are unable to see that any case has been made out for the proclamation of martial law over the whole of the eastern part of the island. But such a measure might have been comparatively harmless if proper precautions had been taken for carrying it out with forbearance, mercy, and justice. According, however, to his own account, Mr. Eyre neglected to take any such precautions. He acted upon the strange theory that the moment he had issued his proclamation he had divested himself of all responsibility for the manner in which it was executed; and, as he himself tells us, he simply handed over the population to be dealt with by the military authorities as they thought fit. We can hardly conceive more unjustifiable conduct on the part of the governor of a colony in which there were two races, between whom there existed feelings of bitter hostility. He might have known beforehand, if he had taken the trouble to think about the matter at all, that a soldiery to whom free licence was thus given would grossly abuse their power; and that in renouncing all control over the mode in which his orders were carried out, he was simply handing over the unarmed and defenceless population to the tender mercies of men strongly influenced by the prejudices of race, and highly inflamed by the outrages committed upon their own countrymen. No one can wonder that functionaries like Provost-marshal Ramsay, that leaders like Colonel Hobbs and Captain Ford, that magistrates like Major-General Jackson, should have interpreted the Governor's conduct as a permission to wreak their vengeance on any one with a dark skin whom they might come across, and that the result should have been that reign of terror which has brought disgrace upon the English name. But even if we were to allow that the general panic which had seized upon the white population furnished some excuse for the Governor's conduct during the first few days after the outbreak at Morant Bay, what shall we say to his prolongation of martial law after the 30th of October? On that day he issued a proclamation stating that the rebellion was suppressed; and yet because some reports, of which he can give no definite account, reached him to the effect that disturbances were apprehended in other parts of the island, he allowed martial law to remain in force until November 13th. Not only did he do this, but he took no step to mitigate the ferocity with which he must have known, or, at any rate, ought to have known, that it was being administered. For it was actually subsequent to this very proclamation declaring that the rebellion was at an end that the black troops, under Captain Ford, "shot about 160 people on their march from Port Antonio to Manchioneal, hanged seven in Manchioneal, and shot three on their way here." To the same period belong the achievements of the column under Lieut.-Colonel Adcock, and many of the worst deeds of the savage Maroons. If we had not his own confession we should have thought it impossible that any one in Mr. Eyre's place should have so far neglected an obvious duty, and should thus have contributed, by his indifference and apathy, if by nothing else, to the murder or flogging of a large number of persons against whom no sort of charge can be brought, and who are not even said to have offered the slightest resistance to the cruelties practised upon them. The theory of responsibility on which Mr. Eyre professes to have acted is, certainly, not one which will find favour amongst Englishmen. It is quite immaterial whether he was or was not aware of the barbarities that were being committed in the Queen's name within a few miles of his residence. It is sufficient that the people of Jamaica were committed to his charge, and that he allowed them to become the prey of indiscriminate slaughter and torture.

The case of Gordon has not yet been formally gone into; but it has been once or twice incidentally noticed in the course of the proceedings, and Mr. Eyre has at least partially explained the grounds on which his arrest was ordered and

his execution afterwards sanctioned. So far as this evidence goes, it certainly tends very strongly to confirm our impression that Gordon was very unjustly condemned. Mr. Eyre himself seems perfectly unable to distinguish between political agitation and incitement to rebellion. He knew that Gordon was a troublesome demagogue; he found traces of his having incited the people to take steps for representing their grievances. He was annoyed by his activity in getting up and speaking at the Underhill meetings; and therefore he jumped to the conclusion that a man who would do this would do much more, and that he must be at the bottom of any outbreak which might take place. How little real ground he had for his suspicions is apparent from his answers to the pointed and searching questions of Mr. Gurney:—

"Were you aware of any other relations between Gordon and the people of the district beyond those which might properly exist between a candidate for political honours and his political supporters?"

"I had reason to believe that whatever was his object, the language used by him had really led to this insurrection."

"Had produced a state of feeling which led to the insurrection, but had you received any information tending to show that he was the instigator of this particular outbreak?"

"We knew that he had circulated seditious placards containing, amongst other things, attacks by name upon some of the persons who were subsequently murdered, and whom he held up to public odium as tyrants and oppressors. . . . I refer to the placard headed 'The State of the Island.'"

In order to explain this extract and to justify the remarks by which we have introduced it, it is only necessary to add that the placard in question was published in July, 1865, and that it was simply an invitation—couched, no doubt, in violent and intemperate terms—to his coloured fellow-parishioners to attend a vestry meeting on the 29th of that month. As to the gossiping stories which have been duly detailed to the Commissioners, in order to show Gordon's foreknowledge of the rebellion, they simply amount to this, that he feared the oppression to which the people were subjected would goad them into insurrection. At the time the conversations referred to took place, no one seems to have attached any importance to them; and we can see no reason why they should now receive any other interpretation than the very harmless one which was originally placed upon them.

It is not necessary to say much as to the evidence of the witnesses who have spoken to acts of violence and oppression committed by persons in authority, or by the black and white troops who were engaged in the suppression of the disturbances. In all probability there is some exaggeration in many of the statements which have been made to the Commissioners, and in one or two instances there is reason to suspect wilful perjury. But after every deduction has been made on this score, sufficient remains to shock and disgust every one who has any sense of humanity or justice. Witnesses of the highest respectability—some of them holding the commission of the peace—have proved beyond a doubt that men and women were flogged, shot, or hung, without the slightest form of trial. Houses were destroyed upon the vaguest suspicion that their inmates were in possession of property belonging to whites. Soldiers escaped from the control of their officers and hunted down the unfortunate negroes like so many head of game. At Morant Bay, a perfect fiend in human form—Ramsay, the provost-marshal—rioted unchecked in every kind of cruelty. In some instances men who had been flogged were, in the very wantonness of barbarity, made to run between two lines of men—soldiers and sailors, by whom they were pelted with stones or struck with sticks. It is difficult to write of such things with ordinary calmness; and we willingly refrain from more than an emphatic expression of the horror and indignation which they inspire. It is not for us to anticipate the report of the Commissioners, or the determination of her Majesty's Government; but we cannot help saying that we shall suffer grievously in the opinion of the civilized world, unless we take effectual measures for inflicting condign punishment on those who have perpetrated the crimes described by the correspondents of our daily contemporaries, and have done all that in them lies to bring dishonour upon the country of which they are unworthy sons.

THE CATTLE PLAGUE IN IRELAND.

By the recent agricultural returns published in Ireland we are enabled to estimate the value of the live stock more accurately than by the half guess-work system upon which the same statistics are based with us. We find in round numbers that in the sister country the cattle, including sheep, are worth about £30,000,000. Of late years the impetus given

to breeding by the successive failure of crops, has resulted in a wonderful increase of grazing farms, and from 1863 to the present stock has multiplied at the rate of eleven per cent. These facts and figures are of considerable importance to us just now. Sir George Grey was not wide of the truth in stating that Yorkshire and Lancashire were almost fed from Ireland. Our own markets have become so tainted with the murrain that we should certainly look sharp after a source of supply which up to this has briskly responded to our demand. An immense quantity of Irish meat is consumed annually in London. The broad meres on either bank of the Shannon, and the rich lowlands of the Suir, fatten beeves destined to grace the Saxon spit, while in Longford and Meath, every acre is turned to our account, and the sheep have increased in those districts as fast as even twelve per cent. within two years. When we know the great difficulties which the breeders have had to contend with, we must assume this progress to represent a triumph both of capital and perseverance. The introduction of cattle was made a grievance in the first case. Lord Carlisle for his intentions in this connection was put upon the horns of a sort of prize-bull dilemma. His character with the people scarce ever recovered his advocacy of large grazing farms. Patriots insisted on Ireland for the Irish, and not Ireland for the bell-wethers. Of course you could not persuade them that there was not enough of Ireland for the abounding population, and that a man who married upon the prospect of one pig paying the rent, and the profits of another supporting his family, was not in a condition to become a solvent inhabitant. It was only when the tuber rotted in the ground, and that the sparse corn was not worth the reaping, that the logic of political economy roughly asserted itself. We hear no longer of the cruelty of stock farms, on the contrary the Irish are exhibiting a laudable anxiety to preserve and foster their cattle. We are deeply interested in their doing so. Our back is more or less suited to the burden of the calamitous pestilence which has befallen, but with them it would be another matter. They accepted cattle and sheep as safe from the vicissitudes which drove them from agriculture, and now find themselves threatened with a plague more deadly and decisive in its effects than even the blight which brought a famine on them. One advantage they possess, having our experience without paying for it. Unfortunately, as yet they have only witnessed the failure of all our efforts even to mitigate the disease. Perhaps they had better look elsewhere for a remedy. In both France and Belgium the authorities were successful in extirpating the rinderpest. The measures adopted in the former country were such as only an imperial despotism could venture to use, and in the latter incisive and immediate action was taken in a way more feasible to a centralized administration than it would be to us. The ports and frontiers were put under a peremptory interdict by the French Government, and the plague was thus fortunately repulsed at its first coming. In Belgium the modes of entrance and of exit are peculiarly susceptible of quarantine regulations, and the area was confined enough to make them efficient. But we are in daily communication with Ireland. The Royal Agricultural Society over there seems either incompetent or unwilling to deal with the impending danger; but the subject has been sensibly ventilated by other influential bodies not partaking of the usual incapacity of select vestries. The assessment of a rate-in-aid either general or limited is agitated freely. There is a scheme of voluntary assurance propounded by an extensive land agent which requires a capital of £250,000. Another proposal emanating from a special and apparently a well-informed committee, includes a general tax, inclosing all interests, not to exceed sixpence in the pound, to which Lord Naas proposed an amendment that fourpence would satisfy the requirements. A third suggestion estimates £50,000 as a sufficient reserve for the purposes of contingent compensation, and this to be raised by a penny tax distributed over the land valuation. With us the maximum value of each head of cattle is put down at £20; in Ireland, according to Mr. Donnelly's returns, they make it only £6. 10s. Those propositions are made from careful averages, and the unanimity with which it seems to be conceded they could severally be carried out, argues that Ireland is not altogether in that depressed or inanimate condition in which some of her chosen members represent her. One of the most feasible projects we have read, is that of a registration-fee, to be proportioned to the breed and kind of the animal, twopence for a calf, a shilling for three year olds, and so on. A value would then be set on each registered beast, and a rate of compensation according to the register basis struck, to be paid for on its destruction, one-half by the landlord, and one-half by the tenant. This sort of divisional equity is what vexed questions usually come to, and the only danger would be to obviate anything like a premium being given for the slaying of

the animal. All those provisions are made in contemplation of the worst event, but our neighbours should first see to averting the mischief before it comes to the worst. The Irish drovers, who convoy cattle to our markets, are extremely liable to reproduce the plague. As we can neither recommend their detention or decimation here, they certainly should be made to undergo some disinfectant process. Bringing their charges to Holyhead they mix and hobnob with our farm servants, and persons of a similar class, and then return to their own country wearing the clothes in which they have travelled through the most stricken counties of England. The Cattle Disease (Ireland) Bill gives full powers to the Lord Lieutenant and Privy Council to put into effect any remedial or repressive enactments they may consider advisable. It also, in the tenth clause, provides for compensation by means of a general rate in aid to be levied "on the net annual value of the property rateable to the poor in all the unions in Ireland, and that it shall be lawful for the Commissioners for Administering the Laws for Relief of the Poor in Ireland to assess such sum by an order under their seal upon the several unions, in proportion to the net annual value of the rateable property therein, according to the valuation in force for the time being." The Bill then very sensibly goes on to say that in no case the sum for compensation for a single animal is to exceed £20 (which, as we have above stated, is considered over the value put on average cattle by Mr. Donnelly), and that where animals have to be slaughtered from catching infection in a diseased shed no greater amount than three-fourths of the actual certified value of such animal shall be paid. We believe that, so far, the wisdom of the Legislature has the advantage of the Irish agricultural experts, the Poor-law machinery being admirably devised for tax-collecting, and being a ready-made instrument, practised in the application of relief. It is all-important that the Cattle Plague be kept from Ireland. Excluding horses, sheep, and pigs, the kine are worth, or were worth in 1865, £22,707,191. Still our neighbours, now having an assurance of help, should not give way to any irrational panic. Besides the measures being adopted they have a *prima facie* chance of escape on the ground that their stock is neither fed nor kept like ours. They are not cooped up so closely, nor left sweltering and fattening together, thus multiplying the risks of infection from propinquity. Then the grass is lighter, and the use of oil-cake far less frequent. Here are so many sources of hope which the Meath and Roscommon graziers may take to themselves. The Irish in the mass are not a meat-consuming people, but they have become largely a meat-raising people, and with that national singleness of idea which unfortunately only appertains to the means of support, they have almost risked their prosperity on the chances of stock, as recklessly as they formerly did on the chances of agriculture. We are encouraged to hope, however, that, if the trial comes, they will make an effort to meet it. The bank accounts, the postal and revenue figures, and the general statistics, indicate a creditable amount of capital. The budget of Irish misfortunes would appear already to be full, and if the pestilence unhappily does cross the Channel, we trust that neither on the Rotunda platforms or elsewhere will it be set down as a consequence of the act of Union.

THE EXTRADITION TREATY WITH FRANCE.

An interesting discussion took place in the Corps Législatif on the 28th of February, of which we do not find that the English press has taken as much notice as it deserves. The general discussion on the Address to the Throne in reply to the Emperor's speech having closed, it became the duty of the Chamber to examine each of its paragraphs separately. M. Walewski, the President, then read the first paragraph, which was to this effect:—"The Corps Législatif is happy to recognise, with your Majesty, the tendency, more and more general, to resolve difficulties in foreign policy by pacific means. Strengthened by your interviews with different Sovereigns, as well as by the friendly meeting of the English and French fleets, this tendency is a new pledge of peace, the preservation of which answers the necessities of the peoples, fulfils the wish of France, and does honour to the wisdom of her Government." Thereupon M. Jules Favre rose to call the attention of the Chamber to an act of the Government, which, he said, though apparently not of a political character had deeply and naturally moved public opinion. This was the notice given by the French Government of their intention to put an end to the treaty of the 13th of February, 1843, which regulates the conditions of extradition between France and Great Britain.

M. Favre regarded this resolution with alarm. It was of a nature to affect seriously public morality and public security, and it could not but have the effect not only of increasing crime, but also of chilling those friendly relations between the two countries which were so complacently referred to in the Address and on every other occasion. He could not understand why such a resolution had been come to, and considered that the documents laid before the Chamber did not throw sufficient light on the subject. The despatch of M. Drouyn de Lhuys, dated the 29th of last November, referred to the difficulties encountered in the execution of the treaty on the part of England, and the want of reciprocal action, as the reason why its obligations were to cease. But the despatch cited but one instance of those difficulties, and such a one as did not seem to M. Favre to supply adequate grounds for so rigorous a decision. Extradition, he observed, is now a part of the common law of Europe. The facilities for escape which steam affords to criminals at the present day render it necessary that a mutual understanding should exist amongst civilized communities, by means of which they may be enabled to arrest criminals wherever they are found, and hand them over to justice.

The execution of a treaty of extradition, he argued, is an act of sovereign authority, in which the nation executing it has a right to keep in view its own laws and usages. In free countries, the liberty of the individual is protected; in countries where the principle of authority predominates, the individual is exposed to the exercise of arbitrary power. In carrying out the treaty in question, England could not lose sight of the whole basis of her legislation, and hence the difficulties between her and France have arisen. "In France," said M. Favre, "individual liberty exists but in name. . . . Wherever a magistrate can dispose of the liberty of the subject without incurring any responsibility himself, it may be said that individual liberty does not exist. When the magistrate is mistaken, it is the citizen that atones for his error, and if that error has ruined him, he has no means of redress." The case of Frenchmen, then, he observed, was bad enough, but, at least, the magistrate's character afforded them some protection. But a foreigner in France had no protection at all. The Government or the magistracy could treat him as they liked. The laws of France, therefore, made the execution of a treaty of extradition easy. But the case is quite different in England. The liberty of individuals is not left to chance or caprice; it is secured by old-established usages. Even a foreigner in England has special means of defence: the jury that tries him must be half foreigners. The French Government cannot bend the laws of England to its own purposes, and so it tears up the treaty.

Why should a treaty that has been in operation for twenty-three years be put an end to? It was in 1852 that the French Government first complained. Many political refugees had got to England after the events of 1851. It was agreed between both Governments on the 28th of May, 1852, that France should have the right of demanding extradition upon a simple warrant, but the House of Lords raised objections to such a proposition. The French Government then presented to the Corps Législatif a bill which authorized the prosecution and condemnation of Frenchmen for offences committed in other countries. Only five deputies opposed it, and it passed. After this Lord Malmesbury, who had assented to and signed the convention of May, refused to press it on the acceptance of Parliament. The French Government withdrew its new law, and still the English Parliament rejected the convention. Again, in Müller's case, M. Favre observed that England submitted to the laws and usages of the United States in the course she followed when asking for his extradition:—"That France is not to do as England does," said the orator in conclusion, "is all very well; but if she wishes to maintain arbitrary power at home, it is impossible that she can claim the right to introduce it into other countries. This claim, however, the French Government have advanced, and it is because it has not been allowed that they have torn up the treaty, thus leaving the door open to the enterprises of malefactors. What is sadder still is, that even though the Chamber and the whole country should condemn that act, the will of forty millions of men would not prevail against that of one single man who has his hand on the Constitution. The word of the Chamber is nothing, the will of one is everything. We are before him but obedient dust."

We have given, it will be seen, a mere outline of M. Favre's speech. We can do no more with that of M. Rouher, who replied to him. After rebuking M. Favre for his attack upon the "chief of the State," he declared that extradition was a principle of mutual assurance between governments and nations

against the "ubiquity of evil." He quoted some member of the Belgian Legislature, who lately said that extradition was a part of the natural law in every country, and that, with or without a treaty, every Government ought to give up the criminals who had taken refuge in its territory. He contended that in every country, England alone excepted, extradition was regarded as an act of executive, and not of judicial authority. According to the convention of 1852, while an English criminal is delivered up by France on the mere production of a warrant clearly stating the facts of which he is accused, a French criminal will not be allowed to leave England without undergoing an examination before a magistrate, who not only inquires into his identity, but also into the gravity of the charges and the weight of proof against him. The result of the convention had been that every criminal claimed by England had been handed over to British justice by France, but not a single criminal claimed by France had been surrendered by England. Verdicts of French juries, sentences of the Cour Impériale, had established their guilt, but the English Government answered that they could not go beyond the letter of the agreement, which spoke of persons "accused," not "condemned." At another time, a wretch who had committed a hateful crime in a French colony, took refuge in England; but England refused to grant his extradition, because the convention spoke of "French judges" and not of "colonial magistrates." The practice of England in the matter is not uniform and unvarying. In her treaty with Sweden she permits the executive authority to be the sole judge of the claim for extradition. France expects in time the same concession. M. Rouher's speech was a very clever one, and evidently produced a great effect. M. Jules Favre, in reply, after referring to some personal allusions the Minister had made, questioned the accuracy of his statements. Forgers, fraudulent bankrupts, assassins, brought from England, had been sentenced and condemned by French tribunals. Undoubtedly they had not returned of their own free will. Against the main argument of the Minister, he held that extradition was properly an act of judicial and not of executive authority. It was for the good of every one, no doubt, that evil should be suppressed and social order secured; but every one should also desire that innocence might not be exposed to mistakes that were often irreparable.

We have given the substance of the arguments on both sides in this debate as fully as possible, because the question must soon come before the British Parliament in one shape or other, and it is one in which the public must not be taken unawares. It is announced this week that the French Government have consented to postpone the termination of the treaty for some time beyond the period fixed by their previous notice; and a morning paper, which is supposed to be alternately inspired by the French embassy, and by our own Foreign Office, hopes that advantage will be taken of the delay to satisfy the requirements of France in the matter. But this is a very serious and a very difficult point. As a matter of taste, it cannot be any object to us to encourage migrations of foreign ruffianism within our borders, and we would naturally welcome any arrangement which would tend to relieve us of such unpleasant and unprofitable visitors as speedily as possible. The old feeling, however, still remains. *Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari.* A change in the principle of our common law is one that cannot be lightly made under any circumstances, and is not likely to be made when there is the least appearance of pressure or dictation. The same patriotic, or at least conservative, feeling in this matter which influenced Parliament in 1852, is probably as strong as it was then. Nothing, at least, has occurred in the interval to indicate its decline. Lord Palmerston's popularity did not save him from public indignation when he introduced the Conspiracy Bill. There were certainly some good reasons for yielding to the wish of France on that occasion, as there are in the present case, but the calm pulse with which jurists and statesmen are able to discuss these questions is not to be expected in the public at large when their feelings are once excited.

THE MASTER OF TRINITY.

THE University of Cambridge has lost in Dr. Whewell its brightest ornament. In position, as in mental power, he towered above the rest of the University world, and indeed in physical stature also. Tall and massive beyond the vast majority of his fellow men, the external superiority with which nature had gifted him was but a faint shadowing forth of the vast intellectual superiority he possessed, owing in part, of course, to natural endowments, but in great part also to the steady life of loving labour which he lived. No man of his

times had such a keen enjoyment of an intellectual knot as he. The warmest passions of a hunter were fully developed in his mind, carrying him over all difficulties in the pursuit of essential truth. Not the most plodding German with his pipe and his coffee could outdo the late Master of Trinity in determined application when real work was to be done, and yet he was of all men the most genial and charming as a companion, playfully pouring floods of light derived from the most out-of-the-way sources upon the most trivial subjects of drawing-room employments. From a "History of the Inductive Sciences" and a "History of Scientific Ideas," down to double acrostics and witty lines in ladies' albums, there was nothing that Dr. Whewell could not do, nothing that he did not do well.

He will be much missed in many ways by his University. His name was always ready when Cambridge men were told that their reputation was not great among modern men of science. He was a member, and a valued member, of very many learned societies at home and abroad, and his fame had reached the ears of the scientific in all lands. To call him superficial was to speak ignorantly, for it was the thoroughness of his work that most struck those who really knew what his work was, quite as much as the vast extent of the field his genius covered. Superficial men do not receive such honour as he did from one foreign society or academy after another. Such a reputation as his is the best test of solidity of intellectual work. If by the charge of superficialness it is meant that Dr. Whewell had not devoted years of study to the various subjects which he adorned with his pen, then the charge must hold good, for unless he had lived to the age of the antediluvian patriarchs he could scarcely have appropriated any very long space of time to each of his branches of study. But there was about the man something so mighty in grasp, so retentive in recollection, so rapid and so perfect in digestion, and so very clear in giving forth again, that he seemed to possess the *esprit prime sautier* of a woman combined with the most complete ratiocinative powers of the most able man. Up to the day of his accident he was vigorous as ever, though he had been a short time before much broken by the death of his second wife. The last number of *Macmillan's Magazine* contained an earnest article in support of Mr. J. S. Mill from the pen that is now for ever still.

Like his patron—though, indeed, he was a man who was his own patron, and those who gave him steps in earlier life, were but obeying the master-force in him which marked him out for success—his death has resulted from a fall from his horse. Any one who has seen that exceedingly massive frame, which used to stand clear above all heads in the Senate House, or wherever men met together, in Cambridge or elsewhere, will understand how heavily it would fall from a horse at speed. It was at first thought that a fit had come upon the Master as he rode, as was apparently the case with the late Sir Robert Peel; but when consciousness returned, he remembered all the circumstances which had preceded and attended the accident, and had evidently retained his senses up to the moment of falling. It was always thought that his seat on horseback was insecure, and at his age, and with his weight, it was a matter of doubtful wisdom to ride much, especially on a horse which is said to have been accustomed to harness, and not at all the sort of horse a man like Dr. Whewell should have ridden.

This great man, for such undoubtedly he was, sprang from a humble rank in life, being the son of a carpenter in Lancaster. The popular story has always been that he was himself at one time a blacksmith, and his mighty thews and sinews have favoured the idea. But those who are better informed know that he was sent from the Free Grammar School at Lancaster to Trinity College, by the kindness of a patron who had heard of his great genius for mathematics from the master of his school. There are many stories current with respect to Dr. Whewell's position in the Tripos, where he appeared as Second Wrangler only, and Second Smith's Prizeman, Jacob, of Caius College, being Senior Wrangler and First Smith's Prizeman. It is said that the Senior Wrangler always professed to be the very opposite of a reading man, and by this means removed the spur of competition which would have urged Whewell to greater exertion, and might have changed the eventual result of the examinations. In particular, the story goes that Jacob hired a cottage for reading, at some distance from Cambridge, and used to ride out after breakfast, and work hard all the morning, coming in splashed with mud about half-time, leaving it to be supposed that he had spent the day in riding across country. At any rate, Whewell was second, but unfortunately his successful rival did not live long after his triumph, so that it is impossible to compare the further career of the two men. The Tripos examination was

an irregular sort of affair in those old days, we write now of the year 1816, and Messrs. Bland and Miles, the Moderators who were responsible for placing the men in Jacob's year, had not the same means of arriving at an accurate result as the Moderators of the present day. After his degree, the young Second Wrangler soon became Fellow and then Tutor of Trinity, at a time when many remarkable men were resident in the University, amongst whom he was known as a most able but an overbearing man, and this failing he never shook off. Genial to the highest degree in society in which he could unbend, he was yet, from the beginning to the end, exceedingly stern in his official capacity. In his lifetime many stories were told which will now probably die out for a time, only to be revived when they can be related as matters of history, sufficiently remote to be no longer unfeeling. Of course, as Master of Trinity Dr. Whewell filled one of the very highest positions in the kingdom, and he filled it much as one of the old Churchmen, Wolsey for instance, filled the exalted places to which their talents raised them. It is said that he refused more than one bishopric, always observing that "there are twenty or thirty bishops in England, but there is only one Master of Trinity." And indeed, any one who knows what the Mastership of Trinity means, and what a bishopric means in these times, can see that to leave the Lodge for any Palace in the kingdom would be a most unwise exchange, so far as worldly advantages are concerned. From the keen appreciation which Dr. Whewell had of the greatness of his position, and not, one may suppose, without some appreciation of the comparative greatness of him who occupied that position, there resulted a manner in official proceedings which conciliated no one, and thus it happened that the man of whom Cambridge was most proud was perhaps at times the most unpopular man in the University. This unfortunate failing destroyed much of the influence which such a man as he, in other respects was, must have exercised upon the conduct of affairs, and personal opposition on the part of lesser men frequently neutralized the good which Dr. Whewell's clearness of mental vision might have done. It is a lesson which those in authority would do well to ponder carefully, this man of mighty powers constantly opposed and outvoted because of the unpersuasive way in which he advanced his views, and the impatience of opposition which he displayed.

It seems to be not generally known that Dr. Whewell was not a Fellow of his college at the time when he was appointed to the Mastership. He had a short time before married a sister-in-law of Lord Monteagle, and resided in Cambridge as Professor of Moral Philosophy or Casuistry at the time when the Prime Minister gave him the Mastership, on the resignation of Dr. Wordsworth. It is a significant hint of the universal character of his acquirements, that he held successively two Professorial Chairs in subjects so widely different as mineralogy and moral philosophy, proving his fitness for either chair by his published works; witness his memoir on the State and Progress of the Science of Mineralogy, drawn up for the British Association in 1841, and his numerous works on Ethical Philosophy. It is another significant hint of the character of the man, that when his first wife died, he put the facts of their married life, together with the whole of the Burial Service, into English elegiacs, as if even for his sorrows there was no relief like working hard at them, and getting them down in black and white, and in due order of precedence.

Mineralogy and Moral Philosophy by no means exhausted Dr. Whewell's field of study. Valuable treatises on Electricity, Magnetism, Heat, Geology, the Tides, the Desiderata of Science, Architecture, the Plurality of Worlds, the Indications of the Creator, Political Economy, and others in abundance, *quos numerare longum est*, remain as living memorials of the versatility of his genius. To these it is scarcely necessary to add the names of his greater works, "The History of the Inductive Sciences," "The History of Scientific Ideas," "The Novum Organon Renovatum," "The Philosophy of Discovery," "The Treatise on Astronomy" in the Bridgewater Treatises. In presence of this incomplete list, what pigmies ordinary men must feel themselves to be. That consciousness should make them very tender to the one great fault of the great man who is gone.

BURIED ALIVE.

THERE is something dreadfully uncomfortable in the feeling with which one reads the debate in the French Senate last week on the report of the committee on a petition by Dr. Cornol, for an extension of the *Code Civile* in the matter of ante-burial ceremonies. The French law is exceedingly

tiresome in all that relates to the conveyance of corpses from one place to another, and indeed in everything connected with death, so that if an Englishman is by any misfortune charged with conducting the last rites for a friend or relation who has chanced to die in France, he will find it about the most annoying piece of business he has ever had anything to do with. It is nothing of this kind, however, against which Dr. Cornol has petitioned, for in all probability a Frenchman accustomed to paternal government may not feel its solicitudes in season and out of season to be so much a *gêne* as a less profusely governed man does. The law requires that twenty-four hours shall elapse between death and burial, and the minimum thus fixed Dr. Cornol declares to be not nearly sufficient, a declaration which he supports by numerous instances of suspended animation, showing that he has good ground for his opinion that a large number of persons are annually buried alive in France. No subject would provide a more ghastly theme for the pen than this, and there is a fascination about it against which men like Edgar Poe have not been proof.

The whole question is in itself sufficiently striking, but a dramatic effect was produced in the Senate when the matter was brought before that body, such as very few assemblies in the world have had an opportunity of witnessing—an effect which might have appeared in one of the elder Dumas's more dashing and improbable novels, but would certainly up to this time have been held to be scarcely legitimate in ordinary works of fiction. M. de la Guéronnière, in presenting the report, argued against the petition, and proposed to shelve it by the technical motion to proceed with the order of the day. Thereupon his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux rose and expressed his dissent from the Vicomte's conclusion. In the first place, he declared that the precautionary regulations of the law were very frequently evaded in practice, but the strength of his argument was that even if strictly carried out they were wholly insufficient. He had himself, while yet a *curé*, saved several lives about to be sacrificed to the indecent haste of survivors. He had seen a man taken from his coffin and restored to perfect health. Another man, of advanced years, had been already put in the coffin, and yet lived for twelve hours after. Moreover, he had performed in his own person a miracle such as would have given him a good chance of becoming a canonized saint had he lived in the Middle Ages, when people believed in the continuance of miraculous power. He had seen the body of a young lady laid out for dead, the attendants covering the face as he entered, but allowing him to observe so much as convinced him that the maiden was not dead but slept. Thereupon, with a loud voice (how Scripturally it runs), he cried out that he was come to save her. He adjured her to feel convinced that by an effort she could shake off the lethargy which oppressed her, and could return to life. His voice reached her numbed sensations, she made the effort, and has lived to be a wife and mother. This very remarkable account throws light upon the miracles of early times. Thus when Empedocles, the philosopher, got the credit of restoring to life a deceased woman (see the story told by Diogenes, Laertius, and others), there can be little doubt that the person whom he saved was suffering under one of the various forms of *coma* to which all nations have given so many different names, and to which we ourselves in common parlance, rightly or wrongly, do the same. It is as well to add, in passing, that although this remark might apply equally well to the case of the damsel whom the words "Talitha Kumi" brought back to life, that miracle was only one out of a very large number, to the majority of which no such explanation could apply.

But his Eminence had a more striking instance to adduce. A young priest fell down dead, as it was supposed, while preaching in a crowded church on a sultry day, about forty years ago. The funeral bell was tolled, the doctor came and examined him in the perfunctory official style, much in the same way as the two inspectors at Hull examined the fatal 600 head of diseased cattle in three hours and a half, and certified that he was dead, all in the dead man's full hearing. Then came the measuring for the coffin, the *De Profundis* recited by episcopal lips, accompanied by the intense agony of one who was conscious of the preparations that were being made for his own burial. At length some one present spoke, whose voice the dead man had known and loved from very early years. A chord was touched which galvanized the frame, the corpse rose up, and became once more a living soul. Such stories are to be found in many story-books, and probably few of the Archbishop's audience were not familiar with something of the kind as the result of their reading at an age when the marvellous and the horrible have a peculiar

fascination for the mind. But there was something in the speaker's manner which led them to suppose that it was no ordinary tale that was being told in their presence, and they hung upon his further words:—"That young priest, gentlemen, is the same who is now speaking before you, and who, more than forty years after that event, implores those in authority not merely to watch vigilantly over the careful execution of the legal prescriptions with regard to interments, but to enact fresh ones in order to prevent the recurrence of irreparable misfortunes."

It is satisfactory, really, to run such a story to earth. We have never felt quite clear about the truth of the dreadful stories that are told of facts observed, and the horrible suggestions of unknown terrors to which these facts give rise. Every one has heard of the lady whose ring tempted a servant to violate her tomb, and even to endeavour to bite off the finger from which it refused to be drawn, the shock of which brought back the dead woman to life and consciousness. And there is that ghastly scene where corpses are laid out in full dress, with wires in their hands connected with bells, so that the smallest motion of the muscles would summon an attendant. And a tale is told of a corpse suddenly rising up from the bed on which it was laid out, terrifying the watcher so that she fled half-fainting, and the reanimated body was left without assistance and once more died, this time completely. The horrors of being buried alive are so manifest and manifold that it is almost unnecessary to point out how such a death has been reserved as a punishment for the direst offences only. Vestal virgins with broken vows and nuns convicted of unchastity are among the most ordinary examples, their offence being held to be the most heinous conceivable under the peculiar circumstances of their position. And the ancient Goths, *teste* Blackstone quoting Fleta, buried or burned alive indiscriminately for a peculiar crime, *peccatum illud horribile inter Christianos non nominandum*, as the reticence of the English law styled it in indictments. Calmet, in his dictionary, states that so did the Jews, and in the earliest edition of his work is an engraving of the procedure, among those horrible engravings of ten or twelve sorts of punishment inflicted by that nation, of which many remain even in the later editions, such as putting under harrows of iron, and scraping with claws of iron, and hurling from the tops of towers. Nay, so lately as the year 1460, a very barbarous period, the punishment of burying alive was inflicted in France upon a woman named Perrete Mauger, who had been convicted of many larcenies and was buried alive, by order of the Maire D'Estouteville, before the gibbet in Paris. So at least the "Chronique Scandaleux" says in one of its opening paragraphs, though an English version of that curious piece of history reads *burned alive for enfouye toute vive*. And at Ensbury, in Dorset, there is a tradition that many years ago a man was put quick into the earth as a punishment, buried up to the neck, a guard preventing any from rescuing or feeding him till death relieved him. The Irish rebel, Shane O'Neil, used to get right after drinking himself drunk with usquebaugh by a like process, being placed upright in a pit and covered with earth to his shoulders, by which means, says Holinshed, his body, being "extremely inflamed and distempered, was recovered to some temperature."

There are several very remarkable instances, or supposed instances, of burial during suspended animation to be met with in history. One of those which attracted great attention long ago was that of Duns Scotus, known as the Subtle. Bacon has given the story of his death an existence among us by stating that Scotus was buried while suffering from a fit to which he was subject, in the absence of his servant and of all who knew that such fits were periodical with him. The story, as told by Abrahamus Bzovius, is to the effect that when his servant returned, he at once declared that his master had been buried alive; and on opening the vault, the corpse *in gradibus mausolei devoratis manibus repertum fuisse*, which it is as well not to construe. The Brother Lucas Waddingus, in the third book of his Annals, argues, much to his own satisfaction, that this could not possibly have been the case, and for the sake of the Subtle Doctor we are fain to agree with him. The same sort of story is told of Boniface VIII., the enemy of Philip of France, though, in the hands of the fiercer Ghibellines, it took the form of determined suicide. The old annals state that being buried alive *extrema manuum devorasse, et caput ad parietem elisisse*; but in Tosti's Life it is stated that, at the exhumation of the body, more than 300 years after (Boniface VIII. died in 1303), it was found whole, without any marks of violence. The most dreadful story of all is that of the Emperor Zeno Isaurus, so famous by reason of his Henoticon, who was subject to attacks of *coma*, and while

undergoing one of these attacks was put in the mausoleum by his wife, Ariadne, and kept shut up there till he died, although his cries could be plainly heard by the attendants. He was found, when they opened the sepulchre, *suis ipsius lacertis, et caligis quas gestabat comestis*. It is evident, from comparatively ancient and from modern history alike, that the possibility of persons being buried alive has always been before men's minds, and the French Senate has wisely determined to consider the petition of Dr. Cornol.

GUSHING.

A GOOD many of our actions may be described by metaphors taken from the habits of water. We—that is to say, some of us—boil and foam with passion, sometimes because our cash has “run out,” and then “the tide” of success turns, and there is an “influx” of fresh means. Oarsmen will often tell us how they are obliged to “spirt,” and how under that pressure they are “pumped;” and Solomon, who must have seen a good deal of it in his large establishment, reminds us, with a fearfully graphic image, that a contentious wife is a continual dropping! We fear he must have found his ivory palace worse than the dropping-well at Knaresborough; but it was his own choice.

Then there is another word which must of necessity belong to the same class of metaphor, and that is the adjective which stands at the head of this paper—Gushing. It is undoubtedly a word of moral significance in the present day; indeed it is very unlikely that we shall ever have to use it in any other sense, unless we fall in love and are driven to ease our woe in the gentle sonnet. Under those circumstances, “gushing” may revert once more to its primary meaning, and will indeed be an invaluable rhyme to our “crushing” grief. In our lucid intervals we shall still use it of persons, and not of things. Now, is it used in a laudatory sense or the reverse? Rather the reverse, for it always implies a certain amount of weakness, and sometimes of qualities even less amiable. Perhaps the weakness is something of a disease; if so, unlike gout, it is more common with the fairer sex, but perhaps we shall see before we have done, that the lords of the creation are by no means so exempt from it, as they are wont to believe. But of course the ordinary combination of ideas is a “gushing young thing,” the young thing being represented by a lady who should be the sunny side of twenty-two. If she is pretty and sprightly, this little infirmity may have for a while a sort of fascination, but when it becomes chronic it is simply a nuisance. These words sound so cynical and so sternly celibate that we may keep up the character, and try and describe the symptoms, as if discussing a real case of disease. What shall we call it? Hypertrophy of the sentiments? or, a waste of moral tissue? Such a parody of medical jargon would not really be so very far from the truth. For our friends are “gushing” when, by a sort of reckless extravagance, they pour forth without reserve and upon inadequate occasions the most intense feelings and the most exaggerated language. And this is very often the case with “young things.” Five minutes is sufficient to cement and to register an eternal friendship with the “sweetest girl” whose acquaintance has just been made; another five minutes will give ample time for the foundation and declaration of a war à l’outrance with some “most detestable creature,” who has just given cause of offence. The eternal friendship is instantly followed by the most unbounded issue of confidences; and, after the declaration of war, the offender appears as a blot upon creation, without a redeeming trait or the possibility of so much as a good motive. Also a remarkable symptom is the contrast between the smallness of the occasion and the depth of feeling it stirs up. Thus it is that the most rickety babies are often noisily pronounced to be beautiful darlings and precious pets, and thus it is that the “Guards’ Waltz” is heavenly, and lemon-ice divine. And just in the same way as a whole houseful of measles is worse than an isolated case, so is it an aggravated nuisance to find oneself in the midst of a gushing family. They are for ever hanging in festoons about each other’s necks; they kiss one another in season and out of season, they direct public attention to one another’s exquisite beauty, and perform extravagant acts of homage to the family talent. Female members of such families should cautiously be avoided as ball-room partners, for it is depressing to be called off rudely from a partner’s tenderest duties by the abrupt appeal, “Oh, Mr. Robinson, did you ever see anything so sweet as my sister Amy with the white camellia in her lovely hair? Don’t you admire her immensely?” Unless the wary Robinson can say impressively that he does not feel sure that Amy is the one particular

sister whom he conceives to be the model of girlish beauty, there is no further hope for him; he will be dragged from one dismal act of worship to another.

Most people, even those who are careless about what they say, are supposed to be shy of committing themselves on paper. Not so the gushing correspondent. Put a pen in her hand and she will outdo herself. Partly by an accumulation of dashes underlining every third word, and partly by a copious use of the fondest terms, she will contrive to gush like any artesian well. For instance, she will not say, “I want to hear something about you,” but, “I am dying for news of your sweet self;” and where ordinary mortals would say, “I hope to hear from you soon,” she writes, “I shall count the days till I see your dear handwriting once more.” This would be very nice between Angelina and Edwin, but these gushing sentiments are addressed exclusively to young lady friends, and by no means necessarily imply a long or a close acquaintance.

The real error of the gushing system is in truth an error in economy; it is living very extravagantly upon one’s capital, and the result in the end must be poverty. The case is clear. If I throw away all my strong cards at the beginning of the game, I may make three or four tricks, but before long I shall expose the nakedness of the land. If I bring forward all my reserves into the field at once; if I put out my best pace in the first half of the course; if I fire the whole of my volley at once upon an advancing foe, there is not much doubt what will be the ultimate result of my wastefulness. I shall be weighed in the balances and found wanting. So it is with all that is gushing. There is no reserve fund to fall back upon. When the lemon-ice has been pronounced divine, what epithet remains for a sunset or a sonata of Beethoven? A tasteful sunset with mauve clouds, or a genteel sonata, will be the result, if all the legitimate adjectives are used up for little things. Again, if Angelina heaps such passion upon Matilda, what will she have left for Edwin, when she is affianced to him, except “dear sir?” And if she emphasizes nine-tenths of her words by underlining them, what is she to do when she really wants to give a particular emphasis? Perhaps her acquaintance with Edwin will do her good, and he may very likely object to underlining when she writes to him.

If a good radical cure for this infirmity be really wanted, there can hardly be a better one than to contemplate the same practice assumed and studied by a young lady of that age and of that way of thinking which retains the use of mint sauce long after the days of lambhood. A middle-aged girl who shakes her ringlets and calls herself a giddy thing, and is oh! so in love with that dear Tennyson, is a very humiliating spectacle indeed; but if this warning is insufficient to sober some gushing young things, let them turn back to their “Dombey and Son,” and look at the dismal pictures of Mrs. Skewton—a gushing old lady—and read her outpourings, which are, as she herself would confess, “all soul.” That picture ought to act like the celebrated penance of sitting with a skull upon your knee to remind you, cheerfully, what you will come to. But we must be just to both sexes. The gushing man is by no means an extinct species. He is not unknown in the pulpit or on the platform, and his raptures are meat and drink to some portion of his hearers—or rather, they are meat and drink to himself, for it is difficult to conceive that any one could commit himself to such a system unless he found that it paid. And because this is an artificial form and very likely is really despised by the very man who practises it, it need not be more closely examined.

But in spite of all artificial forms there is the genuine gusher still among men. One knows the type. He rushes up in the street, and, although we saw him only yesterday, yet he shakes our hand as if he had just come back after a perilous voyage from New Zealand. Breathlessly he tells us everything about himself; and the smallest detail is invested with the very highest importance. He slaps his friends on the back, causing the most exquisite pain; he pokes them in their ribs, redoubling their anguish; he laughs irrepressibly at the faintest joke that arises, and, in short, a little of him goes a very long way. And he labours under a still further disadvantage. If for an hour he is quiet or silent he is immediately thought to be out of temper, or at any rate to have something the matter with him—so that the mere physical exhaustion which must sometimes attend upon gushing, will most likely be interpreted as a fit of the sulks. Compare with this unkindly estimate by which he is tried the blessings which hover round the reserved and self-contained man. His wishes are tacitly consulted for fear he should make himself disagreeable, which he can do very satisfactorily in his quiet way. And supposing on any occasion that he thaws for awhile and

behaves like an ordinary mortal, there is quite a buzz of excitement, about, and one whispers to another the joyful news, "How wonderfully agreeable Diogenes was to-night; I saw him talking to Jones for nearly half an hour." Think of the honour which this unworthy member of society receives in contrast to the contemptuous treatment to which the gushing man is condemned, however good and virtuous he may be. And if there is any truth in the pictures which have been drawn, they ought to convey most broadly that celebrated "Advice to those about to be gushing"—don't.

THE MYSTERY OF GUILT.

THE experience of life exhibits to the moral philosopher as many phenomena as the naturalist detects in the physical world. To each the bare existence of evil appears in the light of a profound enigma. That divine laws framed with all-perfect wisdom, and fulfilled in unerring accuracy, should be occasionally allowed to clash with each other against the individual interests of mankind is mysterious. That human passions, instincts, and impulses, many of which may be harmless in themselves, should be brought into a sphere of action where they can be only productive of misery, is mysterious. But the greatest mystery of all, whether in mind or matter, is that form of absolute and inherent evil for which no possible cause can be assigned—in which can be traced no shadow of a motive in nature's economy, and of which all we can say is that it exists, and nothing more. It is wonderful to reflect that a stormy blast which uproots the monarch of the forest, and hurls many a ship's crew to destruction, may, when duly tempered, become the means of insuring a plenteous harvest, or of wafting hundreds of our fellow-creatures on a prosperous voyage. The genial heat which warms and nourishes in a temperate clime, the beneficent rain for which we pray in due season, are derived from the same sources to which wide-spread famine and sudden death may, humanly speaking, sometimes be referred. But there are strange and exceptional forms of balefulness which defy the most ingenious apologist of physical science. Earthquakes, whirlpools, thunder-bolts, blights and murrains—what shall we say of these? Were any of them in ever so subtle a form, or under circumstances of the most peculiar kind, known to consist but of noxious elements? Did they ever, so far as we can judge, bring about anything but unqualified evil? Assuredly not. They are blemishes in the face of creation which we can no more explain than eradicate, and the chief thing we know about them is, that they are utterly bad.

The moral obliquities of life will, to a great extent, bear comparison with physical defects. There are imperfections of character, harmful indeed in result, but which as mortals we regard with lenience if not with approval. There are plausible virtues which it requires but a little knowledge of human nature to perceive may any day degenerate into faults. How much of anger springs from a keen sense of justice; of cowardice from an over-tenderness of heart; of insincerity from a desire to please? The generous man may soon become a spendthrift, the ambitious man a selfish worldling, the careful father a domestic tyrant. The accident of education, the force of circumstances or example, may turn the scale for good or evil, and transform qualities which it would be right for us to admire, into those which it is our duty to detest. But there are conditions of the human heart—and, we fear, some human hearts themselves—which seem utterly and mysteriously bad. The darkness surrounding them is not even relieved by a reflected light. We look in vain for second causes, and the charitable excuse of external influence. Some moral blain has suddenly broken out on what has hitherto seemed a fair character. The disease may have been long dormant, or what is more probable, it has been carefully concealed, but there it is in full virulence at last, and without the slightest token of infection, a spontaneous and inscrutable evil.

The divorce case of "Cavendish v. Cavendish and Gordon," which has lately been reported in the papers, affords a striking example of this phenomenon. In 1856, Mr. Cavendish, a gentleman of birth and education, married the Lady Elinor Fitzgibbon, a daughter of the Earl and Countess of Clare. They lived together in or near London until the year 1861, when, having in the mean time become the parents of three children, they went to reside in Paris. At Passy, Lord Cecil Gordon, who had married a half-sister of Lady Elinor, was then living with his wife and a family of nine children. Lord Cecil is represented as sixty years of age and in poor circumstances. An intimacy sprang up between the two families, and when, some years afterwards, Mr. Cavendish returned to England, Lord and Lady Cecil Gordon, with their daughter (who was

but a few years younger than Lady Elinor herself), became his occasional guests. At one of these visits it appears that Lord Cecil was laid up by illness, and that Mr. Cavendish showed him every kindness and attention. It was not long before the convalescent made an ungrateful and infamous return for this hospitality. He took a house near his benefactor's residence. He visited him, dined with him—received, no doubt, a hundred proofs of civility and good fellowship at his hands, and ended by seducing his wife. In one of the most popular of his stories, Mr. Thackeray has described the incidents of an elopement in high life (as the provincial papers delight to call it) with the graphic accuracy of a skilful novelist, and with the comments of a sound philosopher. It is impossible for the most rigid moralist to close "The Newcomes" without some feeling of commiseration for an unfortunate lady who married to oblige her family, whose husband treated her like a brute, and who runs away with her first and only love. Reckless reprobate as Lord Highgate was, there is a good side to his character, and we confess to a feeling of intense satisfaction when his lordship knocks that respectable scoundrel, Sir Barnes Newcome, off his horse. Yet even here, after enlisting our sympathies with erring humanity, the author does not seek to gloze over the real consequences of such an act, nor to screen, with a false moral, the sin he has depicted. Adultery is a grievous offence, both in a moral and social point of view, and it would be impossible to expect that, in judging it, society at large should take cognizance of extenuating circumstances.

In the instance before us there are no extenuating circumstances. On the contrary, every detail brought to light seems to aggravate the guilt of the defendants. If Lady Elinor Cavendish had lived unhappily with her husband, if their union had been childless—if neglect, youth, passion, or any single excuse could be urged in her defence, the case would not have been so singular in its aspect. But what are the facts before us? A well-educated lady of 28 leaves her children and a kind and affectionate husband to run off with her brother-in-law, an old man of 60, who has himself to desert a wife and large family before he can join her, and for whom the best (or the worst) plea which can be raised is that he probably coveted her money rather than her love. Under any circumstances, sin is or should be detestable; but the absence of motive for certain crimes must always invest them with a greater horror. It reminds us of the existence of evil not as the material consequence of fortuitous events, but as an abstract quality inseparable from our fallen nature.

A GIRLS' BRIGADE.

FOR several years past the public have been familiar with the appearance of brigade boys, who stand in the streets with shoe-brushes and blacking, or pass from door to door collecting rags in hand-carts; and we know that whatever may be the usefulness of the former to men with soiled boots, or of the latter to the interests of the paper trade, these were not the considerations that produced the brigade movement. It was the benevolent desire to rescue boys of the lowest class from a life of vagrancy and crime by putting them in the way of honest employment suitable to their age and position, and the plan has been attended with such success as must be highly gratifying to those by whom it was originated.

It is now in contemplation to find employment for girls of similar age; and it does strike us that the scheme, though primarily intended for their benefit, is calculated to prove no small advantage to the general public; and that if well managed, it will not only fill a gap in our benevolent institutions, but supply a decided want in connection with our domestic establishments. The intention is to organize a brigade of girls from twelve to fifteen years of age, to equip them in uniform serge dresses, and furnish each with the appliances necessary for rough cleaning, together with a printed tariff of prices. The benevolent motive is to save these girls from entering on the evil courses to which they are exposed through idleness and want, by training them in habits of honest industry, before they are of the age most liable to the temptations of indolent vice; the view of course being that, when they arrive at that age, they ought to obtain the employment and protection of regular domestic service.

The idea was started several weeks ago in a letter to one of the daily newspapers, and it commended itself at once to the humanity and good sense of the public, in such wise that proffers of gratuitous assistance were immediately tendered. A barrister of high standing and repute would undertake the treasurership and material guarantee; another gentleman

would give certain hours to the duties of a scribe. Offers from ladies, some of whom are already known to fame, included the cutting out and making of the serge dresses, with other matters of superintendence; while others have sent pecuniary contributions towards the expenses of starting. We hope soon to hear that all is in working order.

If the scheme should go no farther than to provide cleaners of door-steps, it is easy to show that it can profitably employ a large number of girls, and supply a great public want. There is nothing that our housewives and servants are more scrupulous about than having the stone steps and paths in front of the house nicely whitened with hearthstone, exposed as they are to public observation. Yet many respectable females, who do their own household work within doors, do not choose to be seen on their knees outside; and many respectable servants utterly object to it. Nor can any one who has frequently observed the process as performed by female domestics, especially in crinoline, wonder at their aversion to it, or fail to agree that it would be fitter to see a poor but decent little girl employed upon such work.

The fact is, that the cleaning of door-steps is already performed to a great extent by out-of-door hands, and would be so more generally if such help were regularly available. Many families have a poor old woman engaged to come for this purpose at certain times; and in some suburban neighbourhoods there are girls who go about, offering their services wherever they think the door-steps require cleaning. They receive a penny each for jobs which they can finish on an average in about five minutes; and twopence where the stone-work is more extensive. As they have perfect freedom of locomotion, and can seek their work till they find it, unlike the shoe-boys, who must stand in one place and take their chance of what comes, these girls find stone-cleaning pay so well that they can hardly be induced to scrub the floors, beat the mats, or scour the fire-irons of the houses they work at. Of course they would not be so saucy if there was more competition; and it is to be hoped that the brigade girls will be taught to perform all the more menial labours of domestic service. They might then be engaged by housewives at so much an hour with advantage to both parties. Many a female who now drudges at the dirty work of her own house rather than bear the trouble and expense of a servant, and many another who keeps one as a necessary evil, because of the dirty work and the out-door work that could be done in a couple of hours, would find relief in the employment of a girl such as we suppose a brigade would furnish. Many small families could obtain servants of better class if the more menial part of the work were thus performed. At present it is extremely difficult to procure a servant of all work that is anything but a slattern. The better kinds of domestics object to what is called a single place, because it involves being "cook, slut, and butler;" and this becomes a hardship for households consisting of two or three grown-up persons, who have no use for more than one servant, now that there is no profit in employing them, as our grandmothers did theirs, in spinning, knitting, or sewing. Far be it from us to advocate the cause of those servants whose idleness and sauciness we are accustomed to caricature by saying that they must have the beds put out to make and the stairs to sweep. But we know that a set of superior singlehanded servants, for the modest establishment of two ladies, or a married couple without children, is a desideratum; and we think that females of middle class, if not even reduced gentlewomen, would gladly enter such service if they were exempted from the labours that belong to the "slut."

Domestic servants have been at a premium for years; and the complaint has been, that though their work is better paid than that of almost any other of the lower or even middle class, it is comparatively shunned, and servant-maids have become saucy tyrants in comparison with what they were fifty years ago. We require an augmentation of their ranks from respectable sources; and this is not to be done merely by raising the wages. They are already high, and the holiday dress of every gentleman's servant bears witness to their extravagance. But it may be worth while to try the effect of improving their position; and this not by lessening the quantity of their employment which would encourage idleness, but by raising its character, and devolving some of the more menial labour on exterior hands.

We are aware that the hiring of young girls for the performance of domestic work two or three hours a day is no novelty; but it fails to give satisfaction for want of system. It does not answer their purpose because it is irregular, precarious, and destitute of those incentives to diligence and good conduct that belong to the organization of a brigade. On the other hand, housewives who depend in whole or in part on

the services of girls so hired, complain of constant disappointment. One day the girl is ill, another she is wanted at home, and another she has obtained a whole day's work from somebody else. So that, though many try this plan, we find that few housekeepers persevere in it for any length of time. There would be no such precariousness on the one hand, or liability to disappointment on the other in the brigade system. The bespoken work, we presume, will be fairly apportioned; and if the girl appointed to any house be hindered by sickness or otherwise, another will be sent in her place. The best of these girls, when beyond the age for the brigade, will get indoor situations. The fact of having worked satisfactorily for many months under superintendence and instruction, will furnish, perhaps, as good a recommendation as most housewives can have with a girl going to service for the first time. On these grounds we commend this new enterprise to the attention of such of our readers as may have it in their power to further its interests. It is at least worthy of a fair trial.

A ROYAL SKELETON.

THERE is a skeleton in every house, and royal houses are but seldom an exception to the rule. Some Perkin Warbeck refuses to be silent on his claims, real or imaginary; some Man in the Iron Mask keeps the throned monarch in an agony of fear lest a whispered word, a momentary revealing of features, a few lines scratched upon a plate, should disclose the secret that has been long and painfully kept down. In barbaric Russia, in times still within the memory of man, the murdered Banquo might have taken his seat at Macbeth's table, and pointed to his throat. In France, disturbing hints that Louis XVII. did not die in the Temple, but was still living, have every now and then crept about, and set people speculating. In Spain there is always either a Pretender or an usurper. The legitimacy of a good many illustrious persons is at least questionable, and, if we could inquire closely into such matters, we should probably find that the occupants of several thrones have neither the divine right nor the legal to sit there, and that the possessors of many titles are unconsciously parading what is not their own. In England, one looks for fewer romances of this kind than in most other countries, because, for a long time past, there has generally been, among the highest in the land, a more decorous observance of the law than has been found in less constitutional States. Yet the day has been when this was not so, and the story of Mrs. Ryves raises a question whether there is not a skeleton lurking obscurely in some of the dark old cupboards at Windsor Castle—a skeleton of which the present members of the Royal family may be perfectly ignorant, except through the public proceedings which have from time to time been taken in the matter, but which may, nevertheless, have been stowed away there in a past generation for the annoyance and perplexity of the present.

The case of the lady who assumes to be the grand-daughter of the fourth brother of George III.—Prince Henry Frederick—is not new to the public, though it was again brought forward in the Court of Divorce on Tuesday, the 27th ult. The story is that Prince Frederick, as he was commonly called, fell in love with a Miss Olive Wilmot, the daughter of Dr. James Wilmot, rector of Barton-on-the-Heath, Warwickshire, and a Polish princess to whom he had been married. Here is a snatch of romance to begin with, for country clergymen are not commonly married to princesses, whether Polish or otherwise; but this is only the commencement of the strange story, and in the after part we find, not love and happiness, but love and desertion, bad faith and misery. In what precise way the intimacy between Prince Frederick and Miss Wilmot was carried on, and how far it had gone previously to the alleged marriage, does not appear; but it is asserted that a marriage did take place, and that it was publicly recognised and generally acknowledged. In time, however, the Prince, whose affections would seem to have been fickle, as the affections of Princes not unfrequently are, became enamoured of a Mrs. Horton, sister to the well-known Colonel Luttrell, who was returned to Parliament by Court influence in place of Wilkes, and who makes a great figure in the memoirs and letters of that time. After awhile, the Prince married this lady also, and, assuming the truth and validity of the alleged marriage with Miss Wilmot, the second union was of course an act of bigamy. The King, it is said, refused, about this period, to receive his brother at court. Prince Frederick, however, was not induced by this reproof to return to his first wife; on the contrary, he persistently neglected her, and devoted himself entirely to Mrs. Horton. Olive Wilmot—to call her by her maiden name—retired to

France, and there died, leaving a daughter, also christened Olive, who married an artist named Serres. Mrs. Ryves is the daughter of this Serres, and of his wife, the daughter (as it is contended) of Prince Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland. The Prince, according to the allegations of Mrs. Ryves, consented, after the death of his first wife, to a proposal that his daughter by that lady should be brought up in ignorance of her parentage until the scandal should die out, and certain distinguished persons should have quitted this life. The arrangement was come to between the King and his brother; and it is affirmed that documents are in existence proving that such a compact was really entered into. The papers were witnessed by more than one Minister of State, and preserved, at the King's request, by certain eminent persons who were bound by a solemn obligation of secrecy; and this discreditable settlement having been made, the illegal marriage of the Prince with Mrs. Horton was acknowledged, and has been regarded as valid ever since. The union with the last named lady was not followed by any children, which, under the circumstances, was a fortunate thing.

It is now forty-seven years ago since the claims of this family were first brought before the attention of the public. A petition was presented to the Crown in 1819, and about the same time Sir Gerard Noel introduced the subject to the notice of Parliament, and moved for a select committee to inquire into the truth of the statements that had been made. He himself was a firm believer in those statements, and even called the petitioner "this Royal personage," describing her as a member of the Royal family who was not upon the Civil List, but was, on the contrary, quite unprovided for. A petition to the Crown was again presented in 1858, and in 1861 Mrs. Ryves (who is now sixty-nine years old) obtained a decree against the Attorney-General, establishing the marriage of her father to the daughter of Prince Frederick and Miss Olive Wilmot. In August, 1865, a petition was filed in the Court of Divorce, under the Legitimacy Declaration Act, with a view to establishing Mrs. Ryves's descent from the brother of George III., and ultimately to proving the title of her son to the dignity of the Dukedom of Cumberland, and her own right to the title of Princess of Cumberland. A correspondent of the *Times*, however, remarks that, "whatever Mrs. Ryves's hopes may be, the object here stated could not be attained. The lady claiming to have married the Duke of Cumberland was Olive Wilmot, a clergyman's daughter. The issue of that marriage or connection was a daughter, Olive, who married an artist of the name of Serres, and Mrs. Ryves is, I presume, the daughter of Olive Serres. Supposing, then, that the marriage of the Duke was proved, and the legitimacy of Olive Wilmot's daughter thus established, the son of Mrs. Ryves would be no nearer becoming Duke of Cumberland."

The case is, at any rate, a very pretty one for the lawyers, and, when it comes on again (it having been adjourned when brought forward on the 27th ult.), we may expect to hear some strange revelations of the Court life of last century. In the meanwhile, we are, of course, in no position to form any definite judgment on a claim startling in itself, and, as yet, unsupported by conclusive testimony. Still, it *may* be true; and, if so, what a strange skeleton in a cupboard will have been let out after a confinement of the best part of a century, and after several preliminary raps against the panels!

OUR UNIVERSITY LETTER.

CAMBRIDGE.

SINCE my last letter the older members of the University have been electing Dr. Humphry to the Chair of Human Anatomy, vacant by the resignation of Dr. Clark, who took his degree (seventh Wrangler) in the year 1808, when the late Lord Langdale was Senior Wrangler, Bishop Blomfield third, and Professor Sedgwick fifth, the year before Baron Alderson's famous degree as Senior Wrangler and first Chancellor's medallist. Dr. Clark has held the Professorship for fifty years, and has only retired now in order to give the University an opportunity of profiting doubly by the proposal to found a Chair of Comparative Anatomy. Dr. Humphry was unopposed, and we might be very thankful if we could have all our Chairs as well filled. For the Chair of Comparative Anatomy, Mr. Newton, late Fellow of Magdalene, was elected by 110 votes to 82—an unusually large number of the electoral roll recording their votes. Much is hoped of the new Professor, in consequence of his well-known activity in all pursuits connected with natural history. It is important to have a young and zealous man for a new Chair, especially when the subject which he professes is capable of such very wide expansion as is the subject of Comparative Anatomy. Mr. Newton has an excellent *speculum Professoris* whereby he may guide his way, in the pamphlets put forth by his late opponent on the requirements of a professor of this branch of science.

Such has been the chief business of the members of the electoral roll, to which may be added felicitations on the result of the vote for the American lecturer, now that Mr. Bancroft has shown what a free-born man, who is no respecter of persons, can achieve in the way of courtesy to an audience containing Englishmen. A vivid picture might be drawn of the breathless heads of houses as they appeared after the first lecture of the proposed gentleman, the lecture having been *à la* Bancroft. What could have been done for the remaining eleven lectures, for which no veto of any kind was provided by the scheme put forth, or indeed could by possibility in decent courtesy have been provided? We should have had to draw upon the ingenuity of some Portia, who might have scanned narrowly the terms of the grace, *ut unus e Lectorum cameris copia fiat viro Americano*, and thereupon determined that the bond gave no sort of key, "the words expressly are a lecture-room," even as a Norfolk vicar some time ago did not refuse his church to a brother clergyman whom a certain couple desired to join them in holy wedlock there, but abstained from providing a key, and removed all the vestments and service books. Meanwhile, persons *in statu pupillari* have been rowing, and running, and jumping, and throwing hammers and cricket-balls, that is to say, the College Eights have been going on, for the three days which, in imitation of the Senate House Examination for the Mathematical Tripos, are allotted to the lower division as a preliminary to the five greater days of next Term, and the College and University athletic sports have taken place. To chronicle the names and achievements of the winners is scarcely necessary, but it is as well to say that we are in great hopes of doing creditably in Oxford on the day when this letter appears. The success which we have hitherto achieved in the inter-University athletic contests has been so brilliant as to leave no doubt about our having an abundance of energy and power; and this fact renders the defeats we have suffered on the water still more galling. It seems as if we can compete with Oxford on more than equal terms so far as what may be called raw material is concerned; but when careful and scientific physical study is required, we cannot turn out anything like so good an article. It may be true enough that to train a man for winning a mile footrace very great skill is needed, and much judgment is called into play at every point of the race; but after all, that is not nearly so high an effort of science as coaching a University eight and rowing a winning race. Some of the papers tell us that we shall have the best boat we have had for years at Putney. I do not believe that, but I trust we shall make more of our material than we have lately done, and that we shall row with much more discretion than in that dreadful affair of last year.

Doubtless, the recent edict against tandems and four-in-hands has caused much grumbling among livery-stable keepers and such of the undergraduates as have supposed themselves to be whips. A gentleman writes to the *Cambridge Chronicle* on the subject, and points out that there is much less danger in a tandem than in a light outrigger skiff on the deeper and more solitary parts of the Cam; and, therefore, the Council would do well to legislate on the latter subject as well as on the former. The suggestion is worthy of attention, and it is unfortunate that the letter should be spoiled by a proposal that the proctors should have, not "bull-dogs" only, but also "water-spaniels," for humane purposes. Certainly, something should be done to meet the evil which results from unpractised men rowing crank boats on the dangerous parts of the river.

But when I say "the Council would do well to legislate," I tread on the corns of a member of the Senate who has recently taken up rather warmly the manner in which the Council has acted and spoken of late. The duty of the Council with regard to graces seems to be to discuss any questions that may from time to time arise, and if it seem advisable to submit them to the whole body of the Senate, whose revising committee the Council is, to put forth a grace to that effect. In the case of the American Lectureship, the Council said that it "sanctioned" the grace put forth, and here Mr. Dodd, of Magdalene, joins issue with them and with the world, at least he announces that he will be happy to join issue with any member of the Senate who is disposed to doubt the correctness of his view. Mr. Dodd's legal knowledge and acumen are so great, that any opinion of his on the interpretation of a legal document, such as that on which the Council bases its existence and its powers, is entitled to much respect. Add to this that many members of the Senate are not well pleased with the manner in which the Council has on some occasions acted, showing an inclination to determine questions as if it were a supreme ruling body instead of a representative committee. Mr. Dodd must clearly be right when he says that the Council can only sanction the offering a grace to the Senate, and can in no legal sense sanction the grace itself. Probably the former was all that was meant by the conventional phrase "sanctioning the grace," but still it is very necessary that a body of so recent birth as the Council of the Senate should in every minute detail act with much caution, lest abuses grow up for another commission.

A question has been asked once or twice lately to which no answer seems to have been given:—"Why are graduates of Oxford and Dublin allowed to run away with our College prizes and University honours?" It seems anomalous that this should be so. A man who has kept terms at Oxford can come over to Cambridge and count those terms as if they had been kept here; and if he can do so, it seems to be only fair that the law should be that he must do so. But it is notorious that a graduate of Oxford may come here and enter as a freshman, and read for three years, and

take any degree he can earn. There has been a case in which an Oxford graduate, finding that a mathematical degree from Cambridge would be very valuable to him in his profession, came up and read for mathematical honours; while a man who years ago kept an odd freshman's term here, and then went out into the world, and returns now after many years to complete his terms, is not allowed to go in for mathematical honours, because he could only do that in the tenth term from commencing his original residence. Probably this case of graduates of Universities to which we give equal privileges did not escape the notice of those who revised our statutes, and it would be satisfactory to know on what grounds the right of election, whether they will count their terms or will not count them, has been reserved to them.

The Examiners for the Classical Tripos, the examination for which ended a week or two ago, were surprised some little time before the commencement of their labours by an intimation that a room in the new Museums had been assigned for the candidates to work in instead of the Senate House. This naturally did not please them, for there is much more pomp and dignity about a Senate House examination than can possibly attach to an examination held in an out-of-the-way room in the Museums, to say nothing of the latter building being so horribly ugly, a matter which ought to have a depressing influence upon the classical mind. The Examiners feared that their Tripos would lose *prestige* if the proceedings were thus thrust into a corner, and they accordingly memorialized the Vice-Chancellor, informing that authority that they wished it to be distinctly understood that they did not concur in such change of the place of examination. The Vice-Chancellor informed them in reply that he need scarcely express his dissent from the view that the Classical Tripos was disparaged by the step that had been taken. He stated that the convenience of the University required that the examination should not take place in the Senate House, and added that the practice of using that building for University examinations is very recent. Probably the "convenience of the University" referred to the change which has been made in the hour of Congregations, which are held now at two, *i.e.*, during the time at which examinations are going on, instead of at twelve, when the Senate House is always clear of examinees. Unfortunately the room assigned for the purposes of the examination turned out to be very inconvenient. Eighty men were crowded into it, some being put up into a gallery half out of sight of the Examiners, and all being too near each other. Moreover, the ventilation was so bad that "the atmosphere was equally unpleasant whether the windows were opened or closed." Sixty feet by thirty is scant space for eighty men engaged in a severe intellectual contest.

There are many other matters of interest here at present, such as the Report of the Local Examination Syndicate, but want of space renders it necessary to postpone any further mention of them. The Council of the Senate has acceded to a recent suggestion of the Board of Theological Studies, and proposes that, for the future, all candidates for the theological examinations shall, at the time of the examination, have their names on the boards of some college or other. The evils of the old plan were so obvious that every one was anxious to remedy them, but the new plan excites some opposition, especially as another part of the Council's scheme proposes that the names of candidates shall be sent in by the prælectors of colleges, instead of by the candidates themselves, and prælectors are understood to be men who do not voluntarily undertake additional work.

The daily papers and your own columns treat so fully of the late Master of Trinity that it is unnecessary here to enter into any details respecting the irreparable loss the University has sustained by Dr. Whewell's death, premature even at the age of seventy-one.

DR. SMITH AND McDOUGALL'S DISINFECTING POWDER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—My attention has been called to a letter in your impression of Feb. 24th, animadverting on Dr. Angus Smith's report on disinfection to the Cattle Plague Commission.

In reply I wish to make two remarks, which I must rely upon your courtesy to make as public as the letter in question.

1. Dr. Smith has not, and never had, any benefit whatever from the manufacture or sale of the disinfecting powder sold under my name.
2. Your correspondent cannot have any knowledge of Dr. Smith's character, or he would have known him to be altogether incapable of the conduct which he seeks to impute to him.

I am, Sir, yours very truly,

Manchester, March 2, 1866.

A. McDOUGALL.

A LARGE and influential meeting of the members of the Junior Athenæum Club was lately held in their temporary club-house, King-street, St. James's, at which were present, amongst others, Mr. James Heywood, F.R.S., Mr. George Godwin, F.R.S., Lord George Gordon Lennox, M.P., Mr. M'Lagan, M.P., Professor Solling, Captain Chesney, R.E., Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, the Rev. E. Walford, the Rev. E. Hale, Mr. Wellwood Maxwell, M.A., Mr. E. Hickey, Mr. Arden, Mr. Oke Manning, Mr. T. Hamber, B.A., Mr. Bernard Woodward, M.A., F.S.A., and Mr. R. A. Marsden. On the motion of Mr. Heywood, seconded by Mr. Bartlett, Mr. Monk Dewsnap, M.A., took the chair, and called upon the secretary, Mr. George Wright, F.S.A., to read the report, which was unanimously adopted, and divers resolutions were duly carried, tending materially to confirm the position of the club.

THE "LONDON REVIEW" IRISH CHURCH COMMISSION.

No. X.—FREE CHURCHES IN DUBLIN—ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S—AN EXPERIMENT ON THE OFFERTORY—THE BETHESDA—REV. B. W. MATHIAS—DR. WALKER—MR. KRAUSE—A POOR STUDENT FROM CLARE—DR. GREGG—TRINITY CHURCH—FREE CHURCH CHAPLAINS MADE BISHOPS—ST. MATHIAS—REV. MAURICE F. DAY—THE MOLYNEUX ASYLUM—THE REV. DR. FLEURY—SANDFORD CHURCH—THE REV. W. P. WALSH—ZION CHURCH—HAROLD'S CROSS CHURCH—BAGGOT EPISCOPAL CHAPEL—BISHOP VERSCHOYLE: HIS CLAIMS—WASTE OF CHURCH PROPERTY—REV. A. THISTLETON—LITERATES—CELTIC BLOOD IN THE IRISH CHURCH—PREFERENCE FOR VOLUNTARY CHURCHES—THE COMMERCIAL CLASSES AND THE CHURCH—ROYAL CHAPEL, KINGSEND—DR. WALL, A DUBLIN INCUMBENT IN CONNEMARA—SANDYMOUNT CHURCH—HOW TO REGENERATE THE ESTABLISHMENT.

IN our last number we noticed the fact that more than half the episcopal population attend non-parochial churches, sometimes called free churches or proprietary churches, founded chiefly by the laity from time to time, in order that they might, by their own contributions, have their spiritual wants supplied by ministers whom they considered more evangelical, more spiritually minded, more earnest and active than the parochial clergy. In the course of time, the rapid increase of population in the southern suburbs rendered it necessary to erect new buildings, in order to meet the demand for church accommodation. The want was so generally acknowledged that some of these churches have had districts assigned to them, so that the incumbents could celebrate marriages, baptize children, &c.; but in some cases the rectors disputed their legal right to use the Sunday collections for the poor, arguing that they were robbing the poor of the parish churches by alienating from them the wealthy parishioners. It is a fact that the free church congregations are for the greater part far the most select, respectable, and fashionable, for they consist generally of those who are able to pay their way, and who prefer paying liberally for pews which they can call their own, and into which no strangers may intrude. And it sometimes happens that the gradations of wealth and respectability are marked by the position occupied by certain families in the church. Some gentlemen are trustees, or have been large contributors, or choose to pay a high figure for the best places, where they can hear and see and be seen to the greatest advantage; and no doubt one cause of the success of these churches is that the worshippers may avoid unpleasant contact with people of inferior positions, some of whom may not be very well dressed, perhaps not overclean; or they may be offensive by the vulgarity of their manners, and therefore it would be very undesirable that strangers should suppose they were in any way related to the highly respectable family to whom the pew belongs. There is an effort being made now by the High Church clergy to counteract these manifestations of the money power, and of the gradations of rank in the house of God by taking the doors off the pews, abolishing pew-rents, and relying upon the "offertory" for the support of the ministrations of religion; and there is a church, St. Bartholomew's, about to be opened on this principle. The incumbent is the Rev. Arthur Dawson, son of the late Dean Dawson, who belonged to the Evangelical school of divines. But it has happened in this case as in many others, that the sons of leading Evangelical ministers in Ireland have become the highest of High Churchmen. This is understood to be the case with Mr. Dawson, who is private chaplain to the Archbishop. His faith in the voluntary principle is so strong that he expects the new church to pay the clergyman and other church officers from the offertory, all the sittings being free and unappropriated. Possibly his expectations may be realized, for St. Bartholomew's is the centre of the Pembroke township, one of the most wealthy and aristocratic districts about Dublin. With respect to the country generally it is another matter. If the experiment were successful it would at once solve the grand Irish difficulty, and release the State from the burden of supporting the Church, and from an immense amount of odium, trouble, and vexation, which are still harder to bear than the financial impost. But the success of the experiment is very doubtful. People who love comfort, and are able to pay for it, will insist upon being protected from intrusion, and will have the exclusive enjoyment of their own pews, cushions, and hassocks.

The earliest of the Dublin free churches is "the Bethesda," situated in Dorset-street, at the north side of the city. Its first chaplain was the Rev. B. W. Mathias, who had the reputation of being for many years the only church minister in Dublin who "preached the Gospel," or who, in other words, was "evangelical." He may therefore be said to be the forerunner of the revival which has produced the Evangelical party in the Irish Church, and which in Dublin has its strength in the voluntary congregations. Dr. Walker, a Fellow of Trinity College, also preached in the Bethesda, but he ultimately adopted the opinion that there ought to be no clergy under the Christian dispensation, and he became the founder of a society called the "Walkerites," whose leading principles are still maintained by the "Darbyites," called after another seceding clergyman, the "Plymouth Brethren," the "Christian Brethren," and the "Believers." Mr. Mathias was succeeded in the chaplaincy by the Rev. Mr. Krause, who had been in early life a military officer, and served at Waterloo. He preached extemporaneously, and was a tremendously high Calvinist. A lady took notes of his sermons without his knowledge, and many of them have been printed under the editorship of the Rev. Dr. Stanford. Mr. Krause was succeeded by the Rev. John Alcock, the present minister, who was inducted in 1852, and keeps the church, which accommodates 1,400 people, well filled.

Early in the present century, a youth from the County Clare, in the far South, the son of a farmer, one of a numerous family, arrived in Dublin, as he has often publicly stated, with five shillings in his pocket. He managed to pass through Trinity College, and in due time was appointed to a church in Portarlinton, and after that he became Vicar of Kilsallahan, where there were very few Protestants; but he had an opportunity of appearing on missionary platforms in Dublin, and thrilled the audience by the fluency, fervour, and power of his extemporaneous speaking. He was equally eloquent in Irish and English, and as the movement in favour of Catholic Emancipation began at that time to excite great interest in the Roman Catholic controversy, the young Munster clergyman became immensely popular as a champion of Protestantism and the Bible. In 1835, he was brought to Dublin as assistant chaplain of the Bethesda, to which his preaching drew great crowds. This unfriended youth was John Gregg, the present Bishop of Cork. His friends and admirers resolved that he should have a pulpit of his own, and they built for him Trinity Church, which accommodates 1,800 people, and it was opened in 1839. He continued to labour there for twenty-three years, during which he was the most popular preacher in Dublin. His church was always crowded, and some of the most eminent public men were his regular hearers. Among these was Lord Morpeth, then Chief Secretary for Ireland; and when that amiable nobleman became Viceroy, as Lord Carlisle, he did not forget the eloquent and ardent minister of Trinity Church, and the consequence was that, in 1862, Dr. Gregg became Bishop of Cork.

Cork is one of the poorest of the sees, but the Church patronage is very great. Yet, Mr. Napier, late Lord Chancellor, a member of the Trinity Church congregation, doubted whether the Bishop had gained in emolument by his promotion. From which we might infer that Trinity Church was then worth £1,200 or £1,500 a year, though it was generally understood to be only £800 or £1,000. It is now set down in the "Irish Church Directory" at £538. The Rev. John Nash Griffin, a highly-accomplished clergyman, ordained in 1842, is the present incumbent. As might be expected, the attendance is not as large as it was during the incumbency of Dr. Gregg.

It is worthy of remark here that the present Bishops of Meath, Cork, Kilmore, and Derry had been connected with voluntary churches or churches outside of the parochial system. The Bishop of Meath, Dr. Singer, formerly Fellow of Trinity College, was for many years Chaplain of the Magdalen Asylum, Leeson-street. The chapel accommodates 900 persons, and the chaplain has an income of £400 a year. The present incumbent, is the Rev. F. Carmichael, formerly Curate of St. Werburgh's and St. Bride's, and Assistant Chaplain of this Institution. He is an eloquent preacher, and has a highly-intellectual congregation, a member of which has lately given £1,000 towards the building of a stone Gothic front to the chapel. Among its chaplains have been the present Bishops of Meath and Derry, the able, humorous, and eccentric Cesar Otway, who wrote many brilliant things, under the signature of "C. O.," and the Rev. Alexander Pollock, an able and popular minister, one of the Secretaries of the Church Education Society, who died about a year ago.

There is a large number of these episcopal chapels in Dublin and the suburbs connected with various charitable

institutions,—some of them established for the purpose of having a chapel, and a minister supported on the voluntary principle. There are the chapels of the Female Orphan House, the Female Penitentiary, the Hibernian School, the King's Hospital, the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham, the Mariners Chapel, &c., which have congregations varying in size, but nearly all consisting of respectable and influential people. The most important of the free churches is St. Mathias, situated on the South Circular-road, in the parish of St. Peter's, and having accommodation for 1,250 persons. The Church, which is a substantial, handsome building, without much pretension to ornament, is constantly filled to overflowing, and the demand for sittings is such that applicants may have their names down for months before any can be had. Although the congregation contributes £600 a year for the support of its ministers, and a considerable sum for its schools and other charities, it may be safely asserted that it pays more, and works more, for the promotion of religion at home and abroad than ten of the parish congregations. The gentleman who has filled the post of chaplain since 1843, four years after he entered the ministry, is the Rev. Maurice F. Day, who is growing grey in the service, after twenty-three years hard work. Mr. Day is not a sensation preacher, nor is he, in the ordinary sense, eloquent or popular; but his preaching is distinguished by thorough knowledge of Scripture, sound judgment, great earnestness, with very little action, but a most impressive manner, which gives the stamp of truth, conviction, and a single purpose to all he utters. He is, therefore, looked up to with the greatest respect by all the Dublin clergy who are known as "evangelical," and he is the man whom, if they could, they would have chosen to be their diocesan. Indeed, there is perhaps not one of the bishops appointed by Lord Palmerston in Ireland who possesses the qualifications for the episcopal office, described in the New Testament, in a more eminent degree than Mr. Day. Yet the only distinction the late archbishop conferred upon him was to make a pun on his name by way of illustrating the inconsistency of the ladies of Dublin, who, he said, "go to Day for a sermon, and to Morrow for a novel."* Mr. Day's congregation lately presented him with the university degree of Doctor of Divinity.

Dublin, towards the close of the last century, adopted a course the reverse of what the Revolution introduced on the Continent. Instead of converting churches into scenes of dissipation, it converted places of amusement into churches and charitable institutions. Thus, the gay haunts of Ranelagh became a convent; the playhouse of Smock-alley a parochial chapel; and Astley's Amphitheatre a house of worship and an asylum for blind females. The history of this institution is interesting. The house had been originally the family mansion of Sir Thomas Molyneux. It was erected in 1711, and was at that time a grand residence, surrounded by a fashionable vicinity. When that part of the town was deserted by its gay inhabitants, the family mansion was let by the late Sir C. Molyneux to a professional gentleman, whose representatives disposed of it to the well-known Mr. Astley, who built on the ground and offices in the rear of the dwelling-house his circus, where he continued to amuse the public many years with feats of horsemanship. From him it was taken by a candidate for public favour who proposed to make it a rival of Crow-street Theatre. The attempt failed, and the place reverted, by process of ejectment, to the family of the original proprietor. This seeming a fit opportunity for effecting their purpose, the subscribers to the Blind Asylum in 1815 took the whole concern at the annual rent of £100, and applied it to several purposes of charity. The dwelling-house, which is commodious and spacious, they fitted up for the reception of fifty blind females; and the amphitheatre, with some alteration, passed into a chapel connected with the institution. Where the scenes formerly stood now stands the altar of God; on the stage was erected the pulpit; the pit and galleries retained their former destination, and were crowded with the usual concourse of people. This is what has been known in Dublin as the Molyneux Asylum, the chaplain of which, for some twenty-five or thirty years, was the late Rev. Dr. Fleury, a man of great popular talents, whose preaching kept the church always crowded by a respectable congregation. He had an extraordinary command of language, with a colloquial manner of delivery. Like Dr. Gregg, of Trinity Church, he always preached extemporaneously, and rivalled him in the attractiveness of his pulpit eloquence, while in private life he was greatly esteemed and beloved. Owing to the decayed condition of the locality about Peter-street, in which the church is situated, and its unhealthy character, it was thought desirable to move to more healthy

* Referring to Morrow's Circulating Library.

quarters in the suburbs. Accordingly, ground was taken in Leeson-park, a district where there was scarcely a house a few years ago, but which is now covered with beautiful villas and terraces, occupied by wealthy people. On that site, which had presented the appearance of a swamp, rose, in a very short period, the most splendid monument about Dublin of the power of the voluntary principle in the Establishment—a church built in the Gothic style, light, commodious, and elegant in all its internal arrangements, and affording accommodation to 1,300 people, with an equally commodious asylum for the blind in the same style of architecture. Dr. Fleury had the satisfaction of seeing, before he was unexpectedly removed by death, this church crowded with the most respectable congregation, consisting, to a large extent, of people attracted to the neighbourhood by its erection. He was succeeded by his assistant chaplain, the Rev. Maurice Neligan, whose preaching keeps the church still full to overflowing.

In the same neighbourhood—Ranelagh—is Sandford Church, a quiet little place of worship, erected and endowed by Lord Mount Sandford for the late Archdeacon Irwin, one of the fathers, and perhaps the most esteemed and venerable, of the Evangelical school in Ireland. He laboured in the Ministry there till he was an octogenarian. His assistant chaplain and successor is the Rev. W. Pakenham Walsh, one of the ablest and best of the Dublin ministers—active in every Christian enterprise, and at the same time a devoted pastor. He has been Donnellan Lecturer in the Dublin University; and though a leading member of the Evangelical party, he was chosen by the present Archbishop to preach on the occasion of his first ordination in Ireland. Another fine church has been erected at Rathgar, under circumstances almost similar to those of the New Molyneux. It is beautifully situated, near the banks of the river Dodder, which divides it from Rathfarnham, opposite the extensive and well-wooded domain of the Marquis of Ely, now occupied by the Lord Justice of Appeal, Blackburne, and commanding a near view of the Dublin mountains. The pasture fields in which it first stood have been quickly covered with first-class terraces, which are all inhabited almost as soon as built. This church also is crowded with one of the most fashionable congregations about Dublin, the incumbent being the Rev. James Hewitt, formerly curate to Mr. Day. The rector of Rathfarnham, within whose parish this church is situated, instituted proceedings to get possession of the Sunday collections for the poor, to which it seems he had a legal claim, but the matter was compromised by paying £20 a year to the parish church.

Harold's Cross Church is another of the same class, built many years ago, mainly through the exertions of the Rev. Thomas Kingston, rector of St. James's, in which it is situated. It stands at the entrance of the Mount Jerome Cemetery, the favourite burying-place of the Dublin Protestants, ornamented with very fine old timber. It was the domain of the celebrated Mr. Keogh, leader of the Catholics in their struggles for emancipation towards the close of the last century,—the O'Connell of his day, whose interesting old mansion is now the residence of the registrar of the cemetery. The minister of this church for many years was the Rev. Robert McGhee, the well-known polemical writer, to whom we have already referred.

Another of the proprietary churches, and one of the most important, is the Episcopal Chapel, Upper Baggot-street, which accommodates 1,300 persons, and has a gross income of £400 a year. The present Bishop of Kilmore, Dr. Hamilton Verschoyle, was appointed its chaplain in 1835, and continued at that post till he became bishop, in 1862, having been for many years one of the honorary secretaries of the Church Education Society. This position gave him great influence among the clergy; though it would appear to have been anything but a recommendation to the Government, as Dr. Verschoyle was at the head of an institution hostile to its educational policy, which got its funds increased in proportion to the vigour with which that policy was attacked by those who preached on its behalf. He was a judicious, but by no means a brilliant preacher, nor had he ever written or spoken anything to prove that he was a profound theologian. Yet he is now the successor of Bishop Bedell, in the see of Kilmore, one of the best of the bishoprics, worth £6,000 a year, with broad rich lands, on which numerous fat oxen ruminate, as if to illustrate the poverty and destitution of the Irish Establishment. It is difficult to see any ground of pre-eminence which should entitle Bishop Verschoyle—estimable though he is personally—to one of the greatest prizes in the Church; and allowing him all the merit which his most partial friends could ascribe to him, no one can say that he would not have been well rewarded with an income of £1,000 a year, or that this sum would

not have been ample remuneration for any duties he has to discharge as Bishop of Kilmore. So that in this one see alone church property to the extent of £5,000 or £6,000 a year might be released to provide for the spiritual wants of the population in other places. Many persons wondered why the secretary of the Church Education Society got a mitre from a Liberal Government, pledged to support the national system. But it is said that Dr. Verschoyle modified his views materially about that time, concurring with the late Lord Primate in the opinion that the Church clergy might lawfully accept aid from the Government for their schools if they could not otherwise be supported. A pamphlet upon the subject brought upon him a storm of reproaches, for which he was consoled with the see of Kilmore, having first got the stepping-stone of the deanery of Ferns.

Dr. Verschoyle's successor in the Baggot-street Episcopal Chapel, where he laboured for more than twenty years for a large and wealthy congregation, is the Rev. Mr. Thisleton, an Englishman, and a "literate;" that is, one ordained without a university education. Mr. Thisleton was ordained in 1859, and, though a young man, he received this important appointment, one of the best in Dublin, in 1862, the year of his admission to the diocese. Among the candidates for the post were many distinguished graduates of the Dublin University, and some ministers of recognised ability and considerable standing. Yet this comparative youth, whose use and abuse of the letters *h* and *r* at once betrayed his nationality and the small cost of his education, was chosen to minister to this highly intellectual congregation, not by universal suffrage, but by a body of trustees, consisting of the aged Bishops of Cashel and Meath, the Bishop of Cork, Dr. Gayer, Ecclesiastical Commissioner, Master Brooke, and some other influential laymen. Mr. Windle, Chaplain of the Mariners' Church, Kingstown, is also an Englishman and a "literate," chosen in the same manner, having carried off the prize from the *alumni* of the Dublin University. It seems difficult to account for this preference; but, perhaps, it may be ascribed to the zeal, fluency, and fervour of the successful candidates, and their aptitude for visiting, and the management of, schools, charities, &c., thus holding out the best promise of filling the church and bringing pecuniary support to its institutions. Others ascribe their good fortune to the fact that they had secured the favour of some of the most active and influential of the trustees. It must be said, on the other hand, that there are many Irish "literate" in the English Church, and that the late Bishop of Chester, Dr. Sumner, set the example of ordaining gentlemen of this class in his anxiety to meet the overwhelming spiritual destitution of his diocese. It should, however, be remarked that the number of "literate" is increasing fast, both in England and Ireland, chiefly from the fact that men who have received a university education greatly prefer other professions, unless they have connections and friends in the Church holding out a prospect of something better than a curate's salary, on which it is impossible to marry, unless marriage is to bring property, and very difficult for a single man to maintain the position of a gentleman. But the social status of a gentleman is secured by being a minister of the Established Church, and the chances for curates intermarrying with the families of the gentry are numerous. This may account for the fact that some curates are willing to officiate gratuitously, and that the position is coveted by men of ability, who have risen from the ranks of the people by their own exertions, chiefly by means of tuition. In this way, and also through conversions to Protestantism occurring in Trinity College, we may account for an increasing mixture of Celtic blood in the Irish clerical body, as indicated by the very large number of *Mac's* and *O's*, and other native patronymics which we observe in the clerical lists. With this new blood there is an increase of zeal and energy in the ranks of the clergy; and we have heard one of the ablest and most influential, as well as the most useful, of the Dublin clergy, state that the whole of the life, activity, and progress, which have characterized the Irish Church during the last thirty years, and which may be said to have secured for it all the disinterested friends it has, is due to those of its ministers who belong to the middle classes; and that the younger sons of the aristocracy, and the landed gentry, who monopolize its good livings, have really done little or nothing to promote its welfare, either by their liberality or their labour. They regard it as a sort of patrimony of the aristocracy, to help to keep up the dignity of "gentle blood." And, indeed, the same thing is true with regard to the progress of society generally in this country. The aristocracy and the large proprietors, as a class, have done little or nothing in the way of improvement. Go where we will through the country, all the indications of progress, of the expenditure of capital, of the employment of

the people, of building, planting, reclaiming, manufacturing, mining, &c., in every department of industrial enterprise, will be found to be the work of the middle classes, and chiefly of commercial men.

This is the class of men to which the establishment owes all its redeeming features; not merely the fine new churches and school-houses which have sprung up about Dublin and in other large towns, but, as we have said, the internal life and energy, which have kept the Church from dying a natural death. But it is a curious fact, and one worthy of the attention of Parliament, that the great commercial classes, which make money so fast and spend it so freely—the manufacturers, merchants, bankers, shipowners, brokers, railway proprietors, fund-holders, lawyers, doctors, &c.—are under no legal liability to contribute anything whatever to the support of the Established Church; and, as a matter of fact, they do not contribute anything worth speaking of. The burden of that support is thrown entirely upon the land. At a large dinner party, consisting of the leading and wealthiest commercial men of Dublin, all members of the Established Church, the question was recently put to the company individually, how much they actually contributed to the State Church under the compulsion of law, and the answer was not five shillings a-head. They might attend their respective parish churches, have their pews free, and enjoy all the benefits of the parochial administrations, at the cost of a weekly copper to the poor-box. But they prefer contributing largely to the building of extra-parochial churches, in which they pay from five pounds to ten pounds a year each pew-rent. If asked the reason why they pay for what they could get for nothing, they reply, because they can have ministers whom they like better, who are pleased to see them in their places on Sunday, who take an interest in their children, and visit their families, whereas they never saw the parochial or peculiarly State clergy, and never heard of them except in church on Sunday. It must be admitted that these are very important and suggestive facts in connection with the Irish Church question. Do they not prove that society has outgrown the Established Church system, and that it does not and cannot meet the requirements of the present age?

We shall conclude the present number with an illustration of the working of the State system, which falls within the district at present under observation, and may be fairly contrasted with the working of the voluntary system in the cases to which we have just referred.

There is a very old decayed township, called Irishtown or Kingsend, on the bay about two miles south of Dublin. In 1703 the inhabitants of this place having become numerous, in consequence of its being a port, and being not only distant from the Donnybrook parish church, but the people being prevented from resorting thither by tides, and waters overflowing the highway, an act was passed authorizing Viscount Merrion to convey any quantity of land, not exceeding two acres, for a church and churchyard for their accommodation, and the Archbishop of Dublin was empowered to apply £100, out of the forfeited tithes, towards the building, an endowment which afterwards took effect in the adjacent village of Irishtown. This was the origin of the chapelry called St. Mathew's of Kingsend, which is in the patronage of the Crown. The old church is still in existence, with a square and lofty belfry tower. In the churchyard are the tombs of the Vavasour family, the Foxes of Tully, &c. Mr. John Brough, first minister of this "royal chapel," died in 1726, and his ashes repose there; also the remains of the Rev. Robert Roe and the Rev. George Malden. The present gross value of the living is £217, though the net value is set down at only £91. The incumbent is the Rev. Dr. Wall, who has held the office since 1831, that is thirty-five years. There is a blank in the Church Directory in the column for curates, and the residence of the incumbent is Clifden and Irishtown. To Irishtown, however, the reverend gentleman is almost a stranger, and Clifden is his *bonâ-fide* residence. Now this town is situated on the very opposite point of the island, on the shore of the Atlantic, among the picturesque mountains of Connemara, co. Galway, where the rev. doctor purchased an estate, and where no doubt he spends his time very pleasantly. In the mean time the royal chapel of Kingsend has been served on Sunday mornings by a professor in Trinity College at the rate of a pound for every service. This is all the benefit derived by the now large population of that district, including Sandymount, from a church specially endowed with an income of over £200 a year. The military from Beggarsbush Barracks, in the neighbourhood, attended this royal chapel, where they had a special claim to pastoral instruction and oversight. But as the incumbent was looking after his estate in Connemara or fishing in its delightful mountain streams, they have

been withdrawn from the place. This is what the State Church has done for the last thirty-five years for a poor and populous district, during which this valuable endowment has been allowed to run to waste. But very near it stands another contrast—the beautiful church of Sandymount, erected and endowed chiefly by the munificence of the late Mr. Sidney Herbert (Lord Herbert of Lea), the owner of vast property in this neighbourhood. The minister of this church, the Rev. Dr. De Burgh, who has lately got the good college living of Arboe, attended to his congregation, was constantly on the spot, and had the place always filled. There are Churchmen in Ireland, men of the highest intelligence and true zeal, who believe firmly that in this manner, if the old parochial system was completely swept away with all its buildings and endowments, an incomparably better Church machinery would be speedily substituted for it, and supported liberally out of the inexhaustible, but almost unworked, mine of the wealth and zeal of the middle classes, with the immense advantage that the clergy of the regenerated Establishment would be tenfold more efficient than they can be, legally hampered, encumbered, and secularized as they must be under the present condition of subserviency to the State, which virtually is controlled by a House of Commons composed of men of all creeds, who have voted the Irish Church Establishment "a monster iniquity."

FINE ARTS.

THE RECONSTITUTION OF THE ACADEMY.

AFTER an age of sullen indifference to public opinion, and an obstinate opposition to all the powers of Parliament, which could scarcely be considered decorous, the Royal Academy has shown some sign of a rational consideration of their situation. A sort of ultimatum has been sent in to the Government, as if the Academy were still disposed to stand upon their special privileges, as they call them, possessed in virtue of peculiar favour granted and insured from the Crown. Briefly stated it appears to amount to this: "We will give up possession of your National Gallery, as you so much want it, if you will give us a part of the public ground on the Burlington House estate, and we further promise to reform our laws, and enlarge the number of our members and associates in accordance with the spirit of the times." At least it must be admitted by the Academy that they have been treated with the utmost toleration. Much has been overlooked in consideration of the real benefit to art and artists that the annual exhibition, maintained under their auspices, has exercised. It is about ten years since the Academy declined Lord Palmerston's offer of a site for an Academy building; and this offer, now, when every shift has failed, and the Academy are fain to take the step of the well-bred dog, they ask to have repeated. As an inducement the Academy make a display of their promises in the way of reform, and a more just and generous estimate of their brother artists' claims. The question is whether the country is called upon to make so valuable a gift to a body that has, throughout its whole course of conduct, carried its affairs so entirely above the heads of the public as to ignore all considerations in return for the very liberal patronage it has received. The Academy is proud of being very rich, and proud of being a private body, and there is not the least doubt but that, as a speculation, a new Academy Gallery would be an immense success; and so far from incurring any loss, would be more likely to add to their funds. It is absolutely only fair that the claims of other societies, who are not rich, and to whom the country is quite as much indebted, should be considered in the apportioning of the important site in Piccadilly, especially as the building for the Academy would probably require the lion's share.

These are questions which will necessarily demand full consideration. In the mean time we can only congratulate the artists on their prospect of participating in those marks of professional rank which are their right when once they can show the ability to attain them. As far as the plan of the Academy is known, it appears that the body of associates, at present limited to twenty, shall be unlimited, all "worthy artists," so considered by the full Academicians, being eligible if proposed by the Academicians, whose number is to be increased from forty to sixty-five. The first selection will of course be made by the existing Academicians, and they are to choose also the twenty-five from the whole body of Associates who are to become Academicians. Thus, although it will take time thoroughly to liberalize the Academy, yet the good work will have been begun at last.

MUSIC.

THE second concert of Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir on Thursday week (devoted entirely to sacred music) included selections from Leo, Palestrina, Marcello, and from the more modern works of Cherubini, Mendelssohn, and Gounod. The "Kyrie" from Leo's Mass was sung with that refinement and precision which usually characterize the performances of this choir. The same, however, can scarcely be said of Mendelssohn's motett, "Surrexit Pastor Bonus," for female voices, nor of the selection from Gounod's Mass

for male voices; in both of which the choristers were occasionally a little uncertain, and sometimes not a little out of tune—a very unfrequent occurrence at these concerts, the choral singing at which is generally such as was never heard from an English chorus before Mr. Leslie founded his institution. The most successful performance after Leo's "Kyrie" was that of Wesley's excellent motett, "In Exitu Israel," both pieces being especially familiar to the choristers from several performances at previous concerts. Mr. Leslie's own motett, "I will extol Thee," was also a noticeable feature in the programme, containing some clever and effective writing, and some good solo passages for soprano and contralto, brilliantly given by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, and expressively by Miss Whytock. The other principal solo singer of the evening was Mr. Leigh Wilson, who is gradually obtaining a position which it rests with himself to secure and maintain. He has great natural requisites for a declamatory singer of a high order; but he has still to cultivate style and the management of the upper notes of his voice, which he is somewhat inclined to force.

The elder Philharmonic Society commenced its season on Monday with a performance of Schumann's elaborate cantata, "Paradise and the Peri," which occupied the entire evening. This work had already been heard at one of the concerts of the same society some ten years since; but at that time there was small chance of any recognition of a composer who is only just obtaining occasional and partial hearing. "Paradise and the Peri" is a work on quite as ambitious a scale as Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Nacht," and is therefore open to the criticism which a composition of such pretension inevitably challenges. While holding that Schumann's music has hitherto met with most unjust depreciation in this country, we would by no means assert that it, in every instance, fulfils all that might be expected from its intention. To admit this, however, is simply to acknowledge that Schumann's genius was not of the first order. It certainly was not so vast and profound as that of Beethoven, so universal as that of Mozart, so dramatic as that of Weber, or so complete and well-balanced as that of Mendelssohn. Still, Schumann was a genius, and the wholesale depreciation of him which ignorance in some cases, and ill-will in others, has dictated in this country, is as unreasonable as it would be utterly to ignore and condemn one of our secondary poets or dramatists because inferior to Milton or Shakespeare. "Paradise and the Peri" contains much music of great beauty and masterly power; with, it must be confessed, some that is dull, monotonous, and unworthy of the rest. Schumann, during his comparatively brief career, wrote so much and so rapidly that he seems to have neglected those processes of revision and excision which the greatest men have exercised on their works. Hence the inequality to be found in some of his larger compositions. His genius tended towards the abstract, the ideal, and indefinite—it possessed a strong tinge of the romantic, but it was the sombre side of romance—mountain gloom and forest shade rather than the brighter tints of fairy fancy. Thus it follows that his treatment of Moore's Oriental poem is frequently wanting in sunny brightness and lightness of touch, such as Mendelssohn so felicitously imparted to his "Midsummer Night's Dream" music. Notwithstanding its many and great beauties, it is doubtful whether "Paradise and the Peri" will ever interest a general audience without some reduction and retrenchment of the music. Most of the movements are such as only a consummate master could have produced. Among others may be specified the splendid chorus "But now thy plains" (No. 6 in the German score), with the massive effect of the vocal unisons—the soprano solo for the Peri, and chorus at the end of the first part, the climax of which is truly grand, although the fugal movement is somewhat out of place, being too ecclesiastical in tone for the spirit of the poetry. In the second part is a very fanciful and imaginative chorus of the Genii of the Nile, the instrumentation of which is masterly in its elaboration. Perhaps, however, the gem of the whole work is the lovely quartett introduced by the short tenor solo, "The Peri weeps"—a sufficient refutation in itself of the assertion that Schumann did not possess deep musical sentiment. The third part commences with a charming chorus of Houris—full of a grace and lightness of touch which it were to be wished were more frequent. After this occurs some of the least effective and most laboured music in the whole work, and here the task of retrenchment should be chiefly exercised in any future performance. The final chorus, however, "We welcome thee," is truly magnificent, and wrought up to a climax of grandeur that few composers besides Beethoven have ever attained. The production of the work does credit to the Society and its conductor, Professor Sterndale Bennett; although its performance might have been more efficient, especially on the part of the chorus, which evidently required more preparation, some of the lighter and more graceful portions of the music being coarsely sung. The principal singers were Madame Parepa, Miss Robertine Henderson, Miss Emily Pitt, Messrs. Cummings, Whiffin, and Thomas. Much of the effect of the performance was owing to Madame Parepa's brilliant execution of the most difficult music allotted to the Peri. At the next concert (March 19), Madame Schumann is to play the E flat concerto of Beethoven.

The following programme of the Musical Society's first concert (on Wednesday last) is of varied but unequal interest:—

PART I.

- Overture ("King Lear") Berlioz.
Air ("Edippe à Colonne"), Mr. Patey Sacchini.
Concert solo—clarinet and orchestra. Mr.
Lazarus, first time of performance E. Silas.

- Scena ed Aria, Madame Parepa, first time of
performance in England Rubinstein.
Overture ("A Midsummer Night's Dream") Mendelssohn.

PART II.

- Symphony in C Minor Beethoven.
Aria ("Actéon"), Madame Parepa Auber.
Solo—Pianoforte, Caprice in E, Miss Agnes
Zimmermann Sterndale Bennett.
Duo—"Il Flauto magico," Madame Parepa
and Mr. Patey Mozart.
Overture ("Vampyre") Marschner.

Had it been desired to create or confirm a prejudice against a clever but too ambitious French composer, no better selection could have been made than that of the overture to "King Lear," which is probably one of Berlioz's worst productions—certainly it has never been surpassed in badness by any other composer—not even one of our own natives. Such a farrago of blatant, incoherent, swaggering imbecility has scarcely ever been heard in a musical shape. Of anything like mature thought or definite purpose it is entirely destitute; and if appropriate to the drama with which it is presumptuously associated, it can be illustrative only of the mad king's most violent ravings. It is, however, one of Berlioz's early works, and gives a very unfair impression of the composer of the "Harold" and "Romeo and Juliet" symphonies. Mr. Silas' clarinet solo is a cleverly-written piece, consisting of an expressive adagio and a bright and spirited allegro, in which the peculiarities of the instrument are effectively displayed. The general style is reflective (without plagiarism) of that of Weber. The instrumentation is skilfully written, with the exception that the clarinets in the orchestra occasionally somewhat obscure the prominence of the solo instrument. A slight alteration, however, would remedy this, and leave Mr. Silas's composition a valuable addition to the very small number of concert pieces for the clarinet. M. Rubinstein's scena is also after the pattern set by Weber, again, however, without direct plagiarism; and contains some very effective and highly-wrought climaxes of declamatory passion. Miss Agnes Zimmermann created a marked sensation by her excellent performance of Bennett's capriccio. Equally admirable for graceful finish and vigorous energy, with decision of accent and variety of rhythm, the young lady's playing belongs to that high order of which Madame Schumann is the greatest living illustration. The air of Sacchini is too much in the formal and conventional style of the middle of last century to deserve resuscitation otherwise than as an historical specimen—while Auber's air (brilliantly sung by Madame Parepa) is too flippant to be worthy of the concert-room, especially when placed after Beethoven's sublime symphony. This latter work, and Mendelssohn's overture, were the most successful orchestral performances of the evening—Marschner's overture is so close a copy of Weber's style in general, and of the prelude to "Euryanthe" in particular, that it possesses no claims to a place in a classical concert.

SCIENCE.

PALÆONTOLOGISTS will be pleased to learn that some very interesting remains of *Pliosaurus* have quite recently been added to the collection of the British Museum, and will shortly be described in the forthcoming volume of the Palæontographical Society's memoirs, by Professor Owen. These remains consist of a nearly perfect skull, with the lower jaw of the same individual, which are but slightly distorted from their normal form. The skull measures nearly five feet in length, from the end of the muzzle to the occipital condyles. The rami of the lower jaw are each upwards of five feet long, from the pivot on which they work to the front point, where they unite together. The fossils have been presented to the National Museum by Mr. J. C. Mansel, of Blandford, Dorset.

To those who are desirous of increasing our knowledge of the local flora of Great Britain, we beg to state that Mr. Hemsley, of Kew, is collecting materials for a flora of Sussex, and would be glad if local botanists would forward to him complete local lists and specimens of critical plants. Communications should be addressed to him at Kew. The same good work is being accomplished for Buckinghamshire, by J. Britten, whose address is High Wycombe, Bucks.

We regret to have to announce the deaths of the following distinguished savants:—Dr. Joseph Maly, of Gratz, author of a "Flora von Deutschland," "Botanik für Damen," and other works; Dr. P. J. Lenné, Director-General of the Royal Gardens at Potsdam, near Berlin; and Herr George Schmittspahn, Director of the Botanic Garden at Darmstadt.

A lake, about two miles in circumference, from which borax is obtained in extremely pure condition and in very large quantity, has been recently discovered in California. The borax hitherto in use has been procured by combining boracic acid, procured from Tuscany, with soda. It is used in large quantities in this country, the potteries of Staffordshire alone consuming more than 1,100 tons annually.

The ordinary methods of crushing large masses of cast-iron into fragments are both cumbersome and expensive, but by the means which has lately been described in *Les Mondes*, this operation may be conducted with considerable ease. The new French method consists in drilling a hole in the mass of cast-iron for about one-

third of its thickness, filling this with water, closing it with a steel plug which fits accurately, and letting the ram of a pile-driver fall on the plug. The very first blow splits up the mass.

SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS.—Monday:—Royal Geographical Society, at 8½ p.m. 1. "On the Recent Volcanic Eruptions in the Harbour of Santorino." 2. "On the English Captives in Somali-land," by Col. Rigby. 3. "Twelve Months at the Confluence of the Niger and Tshvadda," by S. Valentine Robins, Esq.—Tuesday:—The Institution of Civil Engineers, at 8 p.m. Discussion upon the "Hydraulic Lift Graving Dock."—Zoological Society of London. 1. "On *Micro-rhynchus laniger*," by Mr. St. George Mivart. 2. "On the Minor Characters of Species of Mammals," by Mr. Andrew Murray (with other papers).—Wednesday:—Society of Arts, at 8 p.m. "On Visible Speech; or, a Universal and Self-interpreting Physiological Alphabet," by Mr. A. M. Bell.—Microscopical Society, at 8 p.m. Papers by Dr. Madday, Mr. Tuffen West, Dr. Greville, and others.—Friday:—Philological Society, at 8½ p.m. 1. "On the word Hottentot," by Judge Watermeyer, of the Cape. 2. "On some recently-imported Americanisms," by C. W. Staunton, Esq. 3. "Notes on Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood's Dictionary," by the Honorable G. P. Marsh.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

PUBLIC COMPANIES AND THEIR BORROWING POWERS.

WHEN a man has succeeded in saving some money he finds that he has almost as great a difficulty to meet in deciding how to invest it as the industry or self-denial it cost him to effect the saving. The Consols give but little interest, joint-stock banks have sometimes become bankrupt, and though there are other joint-stock enterprises of twenty varieties, yet who is to tell but that the most apparently prosperous of them may be "a goodly apple rotten at the core"? Unfortunately they have proved to be so in such a number of cases that people are nervously timid of embarking their savings in speculations of this kind. But still the temptation to do so is strong. A pair of maiden sisters have between them, let us say £1,500, the savings of their bachelor brother whom they have just buried. Shall this money go into the Three per Cent. Consols, where it will return them £45 per annum, or shall it be invested in some joint-stock enterprise, which is paying its shareholders 10 per cent. dividends? Of course the difference of results in the two cases is enormous; and though there is some risk in the latter, still it is better to endure that risk and be tolerably comfortable upon £150 per annum, than to be intolerably uncomfortable upon £45 per annum, even with the advantage of having government security for your capital. This is not an exceptional case. There are thousands of small capitalists who have to select between an uncertain and certain security, with the strong temptation we have indicated of deciding in favour of the former. But there are other means of investing money besides taking shares in a Joint-Stock Company. The various railway companies hold from Parliament borrowing powers to the extent, in the aggregate, of £100,000,000. These powers are so far from being in excess of what can be utilized that many of the companies have greatly exceeded them. Thus we see, on one hand, a strong inclination on the part of companies to borrow, and, on the other, a strong inclination of capitalists to lend. In fact, it would appear as if there were hardly any limit on the part of the latter, provided the rate of interest offered is sufficiently tempting. And at first glance it would seem as if, next to a government security, there could hardly be any security more trustworthy than that of a railway. This may be, in a general sense, true; but only up to a certain point—only up to that point at which Parliament has said, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther." The moment that limit has been passed the lender has not merely a doubtful security for his loan, but he has, legally, no security at all.

That several companies have issued debenture bonds beyond the sum authorized by Parliament is well known. That for not one shilling thus borrowed has the lender any security is also well known. People may say that, though this is true in law, it is not true in fact; and that creditors holding bonds for sums borrowed in excess of Parliamentary powers are practically as safe as creditors who fall within the authority of the Act of Parliament. But the creditors of the West Hartlepool Harbour and Railway Company did not find it so. They were defrauded to an enormous amount; and their case may to-morrow be the case of any other bond or debenture holders. There is no certainty in the matter. It may be whispered amongst a select circle that the Hampstead Ponds Harbour and Railway Company have exceeded their borrowing powers, but that will not affect the company's credit beyond that circle. It may borrow four millions sterling instead of

two, and supposing it to become as embarrassed as, let us say, the Great Eastern Railway Company (which, however, has not exceeded its Parliamentary powers of borrowing, and is therefore not to be classed with the companies of which we are speaking), the lenders of the odd two millions sterling would find themselves the possessors of bonds which were worth no more than the paper they were written upon.

Here is another peril to investors. If we say that the railway companies have only exceeded their borrowing powers to the extent of 5 per cent., we shall have a body of creditors who have lent five millions sterling upon railway security, as they believe, but, in truth, upon no security at all. The public have no means whatever of ascertaining when a public company has fulfilled its borrowing powers and when it has exceeded them. But is it not only reasonable that Parliament, which gives the power, and, what is more important, which limits it—and thus destroys the security of creditors who lend after the limit has been passed—should take means to prevent excessive borrowing, or at least to make known to the public the fact that a borrowing company has exhausted the powers Parliament has conferred upon it? Without something of this kind the Legislature lends itself to a deception which is practised all the more readily because of the countenance it gives it. It enables a company to hold itself out to the world as borrowing, by the sanction of Parliament, on the security of its property; but while it says, "you shall borrow so much and no more," it takes no step to inform the public, or to enable the public to inform itself, of the date at which its sanction ceases, and at which the company begins, to borrow without authority, and therefore without security to the lender. The restriction it puts upon the company is thus literally both a mockery and a snare. It ought not to be impossible, it ought not even to be very difficult, to avoid this error. Mr. Wilson, the chairman of the West Hartlepool Harbour and Railway Company's Debenture Stock Committee, in his evidence before Lord Donoughmore's Committee, gave the sketch of a plan, with suggestions for a Bill, by which companies should be kept within the limit of their powers. He proposed that a public registration office should be established, to which railway and joint-stock companies should make returns of the amount of their paid-up capital in shares or stocks; of the amount of their borrowing powers, and under what Act or Acts their powers were created; of the amounts they have already borrowed, and on what securities, and of the amount remaining unborrowed; that these returns should be signed by the chairman, deputy chairman, and the secretary for the time being, each of whom (and perhaps, also, the auditors) should be made personally responsible for the truth and accuracy of such returns; that default in making their returns should, after twenty-one days, subject each party to a pecuniary fine, and after three months to the penalty of a misdemeanour; and that the making of false and fraudulent returns should constitute felony. This in the main is Mr. Wilson's plan; and though it is startling to find a writer seriously proposing to treat swindling railway directors as the law already treats begging-letter impostors—who swindle on an infinitely minor scale—the suggestion deserves consideration. We do not, indeed, think that such a proposal will be likely to meet the approval of the House of Commons, first, because there are too many railway directors and directors of joint-stock companies in that assembly to sanction it; and next, because there is not as yet that earnest determination on the part of the public to deal with great cheats as it deals with little ones. A farm labourer who steals a hurdle, valued at sixpence, to boil gruel for his wife who has just presented him with a ninth pledge of connubial affection—all living—is sent to gaol for fourteen days without remorse. It is his due penalty, because he is only a farm labourer. But Sir Plethoric Moneybags may ruin half the poor families in the county by the aid of cooked accounts and lying dividends, and no one dares lay a finger upon him. Of course, this is not justice nor is it morality; and, unfortunately, we have too often seen how opposed is the spirit of commerce to either to suppose that it will quietly submit to have its freedom limited by their control without a desperate struggle. Still, that is no reason why the attempt to control it should not be made. The public have a right to be protected. If the law encourages us to become lenders it should not leave us ignorant of the extent to which it will secure us the repayment of what we lend. Practically it does this so long as it leaves us without the means of knowing when a company has exhausted its powers.

* See his pamphlet, "Public Companies' Borrowing Powers: Suggestions or a Bill in Parliament," &c., by William Wilson. London: Effingham Wilson.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

FROM CADET TO COLONEL.*

THIS is an exceedingly interesting and genial narrative of a military career. The author, who at the time he retired from active service was one of the most distinguished officers in our Indian army, fought his way up by merit, and by that alone. He worked hard for the promotion and the honours which he gained; and, although we cannot suppose that he is without his private grievances, he does not force them upon our notice. He gives us the impression of a cheerful, active-minded, energetic man, thoroughly fond of his profession, and doing his best in whatever position he finds himself. The querulousness which so often forms a disagreeable feature in military biographies is entirely absent from his pages. Our pleasure in accompanying him through the scenes he describes and the actions in which he shared is materially increased by the thorough sympathy and liking with which he inspires us. He writes modestly about himself, warmly and generously about others; and, although he does not hesitate to censure where he thinks censure due, we cannot call to mind a single ill-natured or unkind comment upon any of his brother officers. The work is clearly and vigorously written. It abounds with bright and graphic descriptions, both of scenery, and of the actions in which the author took part. In an incidental way, it throws a good deal of light upon Indian life and character. Although we are far from concurring in many of the opinions which General Seaton expresses upon questions connected with the government of Hindostan and the administration of the army serving in that country, we willingly admit that his observations are always those of a shrewd and sensible man, one moreover who has evidently a warm regard for the native population under our rule, and a deep sense of the respect which is due to their feelings, their prejudices, and their interests.

Young Seaton left England as a cadet in the East-India Company's service, in July, 1822, and arrived at Calcutta about three months afterwards. He immediately joined his regiment, and applied himself to learning his military duties. A love of sport and a love of drill protected him against the temptations which beset Indian officers far more than they do now; and it was not long before his cheerful assiduity in the discharge of his duties was rewarded with promotion. He was first under fire at the celebrated siege of Bhurtpore, in 1825. This place was really one of great strength. Indeed, in the opinion of the natives, it was impregnable, and an immense impression was produced throughout India by its capture, which ranks as one of the most remarkable achievements of Lord Combermere's long and active military career. The achievement was succeeded by a long period of peace, over which the author passes lightly. His life during this time was monotonous enough, but his love of sport stood him in good stead, and kept him both in sound health and cheerful pleasures. Of hog-hunting, or, as it is more generally called, pork-sticking, he is an enthusiastic admirer, and stoutly maintains its great superiority to fox-hunting. That it is not without danger will be apparent from a couple of anecdotes which he tells:—

"The boar is a cunning, knowing, fierce, revengeful brute, as the following anecdote will, to some extent, prove. An officer of the regiment we relieved, one day, singled out a boar from a sounder that came through cautions, to the upper part of which he ran him. The boar there shoves down and joins a spit of sand that runs out into the river. The officer was close on the hog, but not close enough to plant the spear. The two went down the bank, but where it and the sand joined there was a bit of quicksand, and the horse beginning to flounder in it, the officer, as a last chance, threw the spear, and, of course, missed his aim. Presently, not hearing the tramp of the horse at his heels, the hog slackened his pace, then stopped, turned round, and sat down on his hind quarters; after which, advancing, he charged down on the horse, cut him, and made off. After a short flight he again turned round, and seeing the horse still floundering, he charged down a second time, and ripped him right open. The poor animal died on the spot. Had the officer retained his spear (which under no circumstances should ever be thrown or parted with) he would have killed the hog instead of losing his horse."

"The danger that may arise in more ways than one from throwing the spear, was exemplified by an incident that happened to one of the officers of my regiment. Captain F— was very fond of throwing the spear, and one day, when we were out hog-hunting, he was mounted on a handsome black charger, following close on the heels of a fine boar. It happened that, from the broken nature of the ground, he could not come alongside the boar, or get even near enough to touch him with his spear, so rising in his stirrups, and carefully poising his weapon, he threw it with such force against the hog bounding along, that, though the shaft barely touched the animal's back, the spear received a cant, the leaded end flew forward, and the point was a little thrown up. At that moment Captain F—'s horse, too near to be turned aside, rushed on it, and the spear went through the right thigh and came out twelve inches below the tail. The horse gave three or four tremendous plunges, the shaft was snapped, and the spear-point being unusually broad, the shaft was kicked out. In three weeks the wound was healed, but the horse would never face a hog again."

In 1838, the Afghan war broke out, and Captain Seaton, who had just arrived from England, where he had been on furlough, was ordered to join his regiment, which formed part of the expeditionary force under Sir John Keane. In order to do this, he accompanied a convoy which had to pass *en route* the Great

Desert on the north-west frontier of India. The passage was made in the hot season, and the sufferings of both man and beast were terrible. Both were stricken down, in scores, by thirst, by the desert wind, and by cholera; and if the deadly march had lasted but a day or two later, it is probable that not a soul would have lived to tell the tale. However, the much longed-for water was reached at last; a few days sufficed to recruit what remained of the convoy; and our author joined his regiment shortly after the successful siege of Ghuznee. That great exploit struck terror into the Afghans. For the moment they lost all heart and spirit. They were convinced that nothing could withstand the arms of the conquering race who had carried their main stronghold by a bold *coup de main*, and the advance of our army on Cabool was a mere triumphal march. Our troops remained quartered in the capital during the whole of 1840 and 1841; and there seems no reason to doubt that, had the political agents conducted themselves with common sense, and had the general possessed ordinary vigour, we might have maintained an undisturbed ascendancy, and have avoided all the disasters which subsequently befell us. Unfortunately, Sir William Macnaughten imitated the powerful native chiefs by reducing the subsidies which were paid them for keeping open the passes in our rear, while General Elphinstone neglected the most ordinary military precautions for securing our occupation of the Bala Hissar, or citadel of Cabool. In October, 1841, news reached that city that the Khoord Cabool pass had been occupied. Nothing serious, however, was apprehended, and a small force, of which our author's regiment formed part, was sent to it. They soon found that they had no easy task before them. Instead of a few scattered parties, they had the whole population to deal with. They were obliged to fight, and did fight, the whole way to Jellalabad, which they entered on the 12th of November. Sir Robert Sale, who was in command, immediately commenced preparations to stand a siege. Of the memorable defence which he and the force under his command maintained successfully up to the following April, when they were relieved by General Pollock, our author gives a deeply interesting description. Under every circumstance of discouragement and difficulty—bad quarters, short food, repeated shocks of earthquakes, which threw down the walls and opened huge rents in the fortifications, and the knowledge that Elphinstone and the whole of the Cabool force, with the exception of three or four men, had been massacred in the Khoord Cabool and Huft Kothul passes—the heroic garrison bore bravely up, and by a gallant sortie actually drove off the Afghan army under Akber Khan some days before the arrival of Pollock. Sepoys and Europeans alike distinguished themselves; and now that the former have fallen into disgrace, it is pleasant to read of the way in which they gave up to their English comrades the meat served out to them, saying that they could do very well on rations of rice or grain.

We need not dwell upon the advance of our avenging army, nor tell how the British standard was once more planted on the walls of Cabool. Our troops passed in this way through the Khoord Cabool pass, and this is what they saw there:—

"The enemy were so cowed by these defeats that they did not attempt to oppose us in the Khoord Cabool pass. Accordingly, when we traversed it on the 14th September we had ample time and opportunity to examine this awful scene of slaughter. Near the entrance to the pass, and three-fourths of the way through, but particularly about the entrance, the remains of the poor victims of Elphinstone's imbecility and of Afghan treachery lay in frightful numbers, some on their backs at full length, having evidently met the happiest fate, instantaneous death; others with their limbs contracted and drawn up as if they had died in agony. Here and there, a little off the road, groups of skeletons and bodies were huddled together, near what had evidently been a fire, by which they had endeavoured to postpone the awful fate which overtook them and hundreds of others lying around—freezing to death! The greatest portion of these remains were mere skeletons, but there were many to which the flesh still clung, and whose features were recognisable. The clothing had been torn from nearly all, but a few of the bodies, which still retained some of it, had evidently escaped the plundering hands of the Afghans from having been covered by snow during the winter. In the breast of the clothes of one of these, an officer of my regiment saw a paper sticking out, which on examination proved to be a family remittance bill for a good sum—I forget the amount. The deceased was a sepoy of my regiment, who had been sent back to Cabool wounded, and the remittance was for his wife, now a widow, who some three months later received this last affecting token of her husband's love and care. All that we saw here convinced us of the perfect truth of the tale told by the serjeant-major of the 37th, who said that the sepoys were so numbed and frozen by the bitter cold that the great majority could not close their hands on their muskets, that numbers lost their fingers and toes by the frost, that many of them burnt the cane foundations of their caps and the butts of their muskets to get a little warmth, some of them suffering so much from the cold that he saw them thrust their poor frost-bitten hands into the fire until they were charred. Whilst the slaughter by the Afghan knife and bullet was going on, and the frost and snow were killing the sepoys by hundreds, what must have been the state of mind of the General? If we may measure his feelings by those which this awful scene created in our minds, they must have been dreadful; but who can form any adequate idea of the anguish of a man on whom such responsibilities rested in such a calamitous position?"

As soon as the honour of our flag was vindicated, we evacuated Afghanistan, and the country passed quietly under the sway of Dost Mahomed, whom it had been the great object of our policy to expel from power.

On the outbreak of the Indian mutiny of 1857, Colonel Seaton

* From *Cadet to Colonel: the Record of a Life of Active Service*. By Major-General Sir Thomas Seaton, K.C.B. Two vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

was ordered to take the command of the 60th Native Infantry. For some time he contrived to stave off an outbreak, but the spirit of disaffection could not be permanently kept down, and he had at last to fly for his life. His escape was a narrow one, and he shall tell the exciting story himself:—

"The hour for which I trembled had come at last! I instantly called out for the native officers, especially for one Gungah Persaud, who had been profuse in his vows and protestations, but not one was forthcoming. I then saw at once that the game was up. The grenadiers, warned by their late failure, had conducted matters so secretly that no intimation of their design had been allowed to ooze out. They had chosen the hour when they knew that most of the sepoys, drowsy after their mid-day meal, would be asleep in their tents, and they had quietly and silently got together and accoutred themselves in their tent, so that no one might see them. They knew that if muskets were once discharged in mutiny, fear of the consequences would draw nine-tenths of the men into the vortex.

"I tried again to collect one or two of the native officers, but in vain. Not one of them answered my appeal. The havildar-major and the sepoys continued to entreat me to be off whilst there was time; so I turned and went towards my tent, and sitting down on the steps of a bungalow close by, I put on a pair of corduroy trousers my servant had brought me. In the meantime our grooms were saddling our horses; some of the officers had already ridden off, and others were preparing to follow, when the sergeant-major rushed past me. A dozen musket-shots were fired at him from the right of the tents, and immediately the whole body of the grenadiers burst out of their tents, firing their muskets as they ran towards us, and shouting with all their might, to rouse the regiment and hurry it into mutiny. In an instant all was confusion. The sleeping men, roused by the unusual noise, started up and stared stupidly about them. Some of them ran into their tents, many to their arms, but not one of the native officers could I see; they all kept out of the way, whether from shame or cowardice I cannot say. The hubbub increased every moment. The shouts of the officers for their grooms and servants, the cries of terror from the camp-followers—some of whom were wounded—the galloping of horses, the rush of the people to get out of the way, the fierce shouts of the mutineers, the sharp and frequent reports of the muskets, and the whiz of the balls, may be better imagined than I can describe them.

"The sergeant-major was wounded, but Dr. Keates took the man up into his dog-cart and drove off at a gallop, in the midst of a shower of bullets and imprecations, for the sergeant was thoroughly hated. In the mean time I rushed into my tent, snatched up my watch and keys, thrust them hurriedly into the breast of my shirt, jumped on my horse, and rode off. I had not time to take my sword, for the mutineers were within ten paces of me. The delay of a second more, and I might have been bayoneted. Fortunately, the nearest mutineers had discharged their muskets, and, though many were reloading, I managed to escape. I had got a few seconds' start, and in a *mêlée* like this a second makes all the difference between life and eternity.

"I was immediately joined by Lieutenant Shebbeare, and we rode off together. Just outside camp we overtook Major R. Drought, who was walking, as he had been unable to get on his horse. Shebbeare instantly exclaimed, 'Colonel, the poor old fellow will be murdered. I'll put him on my horse and run for it.'

"It was a noble and heroic act, and deserves to be recorded.

"The major was mounted in all haste and had started off, for the musket-balls were now flying pretty sharply about our ears, and the servants and camp-followers were calling out to me to ride for my life.

"Now, Shebbeare, I said, 'we will ride and tie.'

"No, Colonel, I will not; I am young and strong, and I can run.'

"Very well, then, we will keep together.'

"So making him get on the leeseide of my horse, he laid hold of the stirrup, and off I went at a round canter. We went on thus for some four hundred yards, when Shebbeare got blown, for he was of a stout habit of body, and unaccustomed to running. So we pulled up and walked quietly along, the mutineers making no attempt to follow us, and their shots now flying wide."

We cannot here enter into the author's account of his services during the siege of Delhi, or as brigadier-general in command of the Futtygurh district. His narrative, however, will be read with deep interest by all those who care to know how Englishmen bore themselves in face of overwhelming odds, and struggled with difficulties that might have appalled and must have overcome a race that was not as tenacious as brave. For one anecdote of Lord Clyde—illustrating as it does the chief's care of his soldiers—we must find room:—

"Coming into the fort one evening on business, Lord Clyde walked into the hospital, and found there a soldier lying on a bed without sheets. The colonel had—unfortunately—not visited the hospital very recently. Lord Clyde was furiously angry, and poured out his wrath upon him in no stinted measure; taking breath, he blew him up a second time, and then a third time, after which he turned round, came to me and asked if I would drive him home. I did so. On arriving at the house, we found the calm and self-possessed chief of the staff seated in a chair on the landing-place of the wide steps under the portico, solacing himself with a cigar preparatory to the business of the day. Into his sympathizing ears 'my Lord' poured all the story of his indignation at the neglect shown to Private Trigger, H.M. 180th. I was standing by, and in the midst of our tale, he turned round suddenly to me, and said, 'S—, it's all your fault.' I laughed right out, and remarked, 'Well, Lord Clyde, if you would come and see my hospital, I am sure you would be satisfied.' I knew he would, for I had already taken Sir W. Mansfield, chief of the staff, to see it, and he was quite pleased."

In 1859, General Seaton retired from the service, partly in consequence of ill health and the effects of a wound received during

the siege of Delhi, and partly, as he candidly admits—and every one will sympathize with this feeling on the part of the old "Sepoy officer"—because he was disgusted with the base treachery of those with whom he had been so long associated.

In a concluding chapter he discusses several points connected with the military administration and the general government of India. In his opinion, it would be quite safe to reduce the European troops serving in that country from 40,000 to 32,000, and at the same time he strenuously maintains that, by proper measures of sanitary precaution, and by finding the men useful and healthy employment, it would be perfectly easy to diminish materially the terrible mortality which now drains our army. To render our native force faithful, and to keep it faithful, he recommends that the old power of the commanding officer of a regiment to punish or reward his men should be restored. And he expresses a strong conviction that, if we will only treat the people with kindness, forbearance, and patience—if those who are set in authority over them, or who come in contact with them, will only abandon what he calls the "d—d nigger style"—we need be under no fear for the permanence of our rule.

THE POETRY OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.*

HARDLY less famous in England than in America as are the "Biglow Papers," but few readers on this side of the Atlantic know anything of the serious poetry of Mr. J. R. Lowell. It is true that, in a certain sense, and the very best sense too, the "Biglow Papers" themselves are serious, because they embody principles of the gravest kind, and are penetrated throughout with the burning and quivering fire of the writer's devotion to what he regards as truth and justice. But they take a colloquial and ludicrous form, and it is not improbable that many readers, especially in the Old World, see the fun to the exclusion of the deeper thought. Mr. Lowell, however, is not simply a humourist, nor even chiefly a humourist. He has undoubtedly a comic and satiric vein, of a very genuine kind; his rough, dry, somewhat grim New England drollery is a strange admixture of Puritan force with Yankee shrewdness and oddity; but the Puritan element is the stronger of the two, though the less superficially obvious, and it overshadows the buffoonery with a weight of thought and of passionate conviction, such as render the wildest utterances of Hosea Biglow, Birdofredom Sawin, Parson Wilbur, and the rest of them, anything but flippant. The man who could write the "Biglow Papers" must be a man of a nature certainly capable of serious impressions, and probably capable of writing poetry in its more dignified and lovely forms. In the second series, indeed, a passage occurs which is in itself poetry of no mean order, though half-disguised in uncouth New England phraseology. It is an address to the Genius of America, and was quoted by us in noticing the work in which it occurs (LONDON REVIEW, September 17th, 1864). That passage had in it the true ring and accent of imaginative thought and speech—emotion trembling at itself, passion soaring on its own wings into the heaven of beauty and of power. But, ordinarily, whatever poetry there may be in the "Biglow Papers" is simply that which earnestness and genius always imply when they select a rhythmical form, however coarse and grotesque. The thoughtful and sensitive respond to it at once; but careless readers may not perceive that it is there, and may set down the author as merely a facetious gentleman. For these reasons we are glad to see an English edition of the avowedly serious poems of James Russell Lowell given to the English public, and to have this opportunity of enlarging our own acquaintance with a writer who has unquestionably done honour to American literature both in poetry and prose.

Nevertheless, we are not prepared to place Mr. Lowell in the first rank even of American poets. He is certainly not the equal of Longfellow or Whittier, nor has he anything like the wild invention and goblin phantasy of Edgar A. Poe. Somewhat he seems to halt in his poetical paces—to flag in his rhythmical ascent. He is not *thoroughly* inspired, and constantly suggests a faltering towards something prosaic. We suspect the truth to be that the character of his mind is too analytical to be poetic in the highest sense. He is a man of strong convictions on a good many subjects, political and otherwise, and he uses his poetry as a means of explaining and enforcing his views. This not unfrequently gives to his verse the appearance of having been consciously and artificially elaborated with an eye to some collateral object, instead of arising simply out of the poet's impulse to sing. We are afraid it must be said of him that he has too great a tendency to lecture us; and, though his lectures are always directed towards noble ends, and are instinct with the loftiest spirit of belief in Eternal Wisdom and Justice, we are sometimes disappointed at finding the professor in his cap where we expected to see the poet in his robes. He seems himself to be aware of this defect, for, in his charming and witty poem, "A Fable for Critics," he makes Apollo say:—

"There's Lowell, who's striving Parnassus to climb,
With a whole bale of *isms* tied together with rhyme,—
He might get on alone, spite of brambles and boulders,
But he can't with that bundle he has on his shoulders.
The top of the hill he will ne'er come nigh reaching
Till he learns the distinction 'twixt singing and preaching.
His lyre has some cords that would ring pretty well,
But he'd rather by half make a drum of the shell,

* The Poetical Works of James Russell Lowell, Author of the "Biglow Papers." Including "A Fable for Critics." London: S. O. Beeton.

And rattle away till he's old as Methusalem,
At the head of a march to the last new Jerusalem."

We had come to somewhat the same opinion with Apollo before we fell in with this passage, which does not occur until very near the end of the present volume. Only we would not put the case quite so broadly as Mr. Lowell, with droll candour, puts it against himself. His poetry has some true and admirable qualities; but he is a little too fond of drilling and exhorting us previous to that march to the last new Jerusalem. He is a thorough New Englander, filled to the eyes with the old Puritan enthusiasm in matters of principle, though with a breadth of intellectual vision and a warmth of human sympathy which the Puritans neither knew nor would have sanctioned, and which place him in thorough alliance with nineteenth century feeling. He is a passionate hater of slavery, and, in days long preceding the outbreak of the civil war, threw himself fiercely into the ranks of those who opposed the policy of the southern section of the Union. The Fugitive Slave Law moved him to a very tempest of wrath, and the Mexican war of 1845-6-7—which was unquestionably brought about and supported, in the main, by the Democratic party—gave occasion to what must, after all, be regarded as the chief production of his genius, the first series of the "Biglow Papers." Without entering into political considerations, which in this part of our Journal would be out of place, it must be admitted that the moral tone of Mr. Lowell's writings on these subjects is lofty and noble. He sees clearly the enormous guilt of slavery; perhaps does not see with equal clearness the great difficulties that lie in the way of suddenly undoing an old and transmitted wrong; sets up the severest standard of abstract right, and flames indignation on his countrymen for not at once accepting it as the measure of their daily life. His sympathies are with humanity in the general, and with the poor and lowly and suffering in the particular. His politics resolve themselves into the simple element of right—perhaps impracticably so, since progress is often compelled to adapt its pace to compromises; his religion is something more than a creed, or a decent observance, or a suit for Sunday wear, and goes straight to the everlasting truths of love and reverence and mysterious awe. All this is excellent, and it is peculiarly comforting to find so much devotion to first principles of right in a country where party politics have a more than usual tendency to degenerate into a vulgar wrangle. But the excess of morality necessarily results in a tone of didacticism, which, as Lowell himself remarks through the lips of Apollo, mixes too much of the preacher with the singer. Even when not writing about slavery or the Mexican war, the author of the "Biglow Papers" is rather prone to instruct his readers. We see this in his poem on "Prometheus," the moral of which is the same as that in Shelley's magnificent drama, but which is wearisome in its direct inculcation of goodness, and its reproofs of tyrannous power. So, in telling the lovely old Greek legend of Rhæus and the Hamadryad—and exquisitely telling it too—Mr. Lowell cannot let us off, or rather cannot let us begin, without a little sermonizing. The same thing occurs in various other places; and it is only when he abandons this vein that we see what beautiful and sufficing things he can produce. His early poems, like those of most writers, are weak and vague, wanting in concentration and purpose; even the "Legend of Brittany," published in 1844, is rather too sugary and sentimental, though containing (especially towards the close) some very touching passages. But many of the minor poems are excellent, and we like Mr. Lowell all the better for infusing into his verse the spirit of New World scenery and life, instead of simply reproducing the stock figures of European poetry. His picture of an "Indian Summer" is full of glow and fervour:—

"What visionary tints the year puts on
When falling leaves falter through motionless air
Or numbly cling and shiver to be gone!
How shimmer the low flats and pastures bare,
As with her nectar Hebe Autumn fills
The bowl between me and those distant hills,
And smiles and shakes abroad her misty, tremulous hair!

How fuse and mix, with what unfelt degrees,
Clasped by the faint horizon's languid arms,
Each into each, the hazy distances!
The softened season all the landscape charms;
Those hills, my native village that embay,
In waves of dreamier purple roll away,
And floating in mirage seem all the glimmering farms.

Far distant sounds the hidden chickadee
Close at my side; far distant sounds the leaves;
The fields seem fields of dream, where Memory
Wanders like gleaning Ruth; and as the sheaves
Of wheat and barley waved in the eye
Of Boaz as the maiden's glow went by,
So tremble and seem remote all things the sense receives.

The cock's shrill trump that tells of scattered corn,
Passed breezily on by all his flapping mates,
Faint and more faint, from barn to barn is borne
Southward, perhaps to far Magellan's Straits;
Dimly I catch the throb of distant flails;
Silently overhead the henhawk sails,
With watchful, measuring eye, and for his quarry waits.

The sobered robin, hunger-silent now,
Seeks cedar-berries blue, his autumn cheer; *

The squirrel on the shingly shagbark's bough,
Now saws, now lists with downward eye and ear,
Then drops his nut, and, with a chipping bound,
Whisks to his winding-fastness underground;
The clouds like swans drift down the streaming atmosphere.

O'er yon bare knoll the pointed cedar-shadows
Drowse on the crisp, gray moss; the ploughman's call
Creeps faint as smoke from black, fresh-furrowed meadows;
The single crow a single caw lets fall;
And all around me every bush and tree
Says Autumn's here, and Winter soon will be,
Who snows his soft, white sleep and silence over all."

But Mr. Lowell is at no time more delightful than when, setting aside his exhortations, he talks to us in the language of wit and pleasantry. His "Fable for Critics" is full of humour and fancy. It is a "session" of American poets, after the fashion of Suckling's celebrated review of the wits and rhymesters of Charles II.'s age; but in metre and general style—in the mingling of humour and sentiment—in the dance of animal spirits, and sometimes in the very trick of the phraseology—it is more like Leigh Hunt's sparkling and airy productions, "The Feast of the Poets" and "The Feast of the Violets." He writes a preface, apparently in prose, but really in verse, in which, after referring to his adverse critics, he breaks out into a piece of hearty good humour and enjoyment. We will restore his sham prose to its true poetical form:—

"Now I shall not crush them, since, indeed, for that matter,
No pressure I know of could render them flatter;
Nor wither, nor scorch them—no action of fire
Could make either them or their articles drier;
Nor waste time in putting them down—I am thinking
Not their own self-inflation will keep them from sinking;
For there's this contradiction about the whole bevy—
Though without the least weight, they are awfully heavy.
No, my dear honest bore, *surdo fabulam narras*,
They are no more to me than a rat is the arras.
I can walk with the Doctor, get facts from the Don,
Or draw out the Lambish quintessence of John,
And feel nothing more than a half-comic sorrow
To think that they all will be lying to-morrow
Tossed carelessly up on the waste-paper shelves,
And forgotten by all but their half-dozen selves.
Once snug in my attic, my fire in a roar,
I leave the whole pack of them outside the door.
With Hakluyt or Purchas I wander away
To the black northern seas or barbaric Cathay;
Get *fou* with O'Shanter, and sober me then
With that builder of brick-kilnish dramas, rare Ben;
Snuff Herbert, as holy as a flower on a grave;
With Fletcher wax tender, o'er Chapman grow brave;
With Marlowe or Kyd take a fine poet-rave;
In Very, most Hebrew of Saxons, find peace;
With Lycidas welter on vexed Irish seas;
With Webster grow wild, and climb earthward again,
Down by mystical Browne's Jacob's-ladder like brain,
To that spiritual Pepys (Cotton's version) Montaigne;
Find a new depth in Wordsworth, undreamed of before,—
That divinely-inspired, wise, deep, tender, grand—bore.
Or, out of my study, the scholar thrown off,
Nature holds up her shield 'gainst the sneer and the scoff;
The landscape, for ever consoling and kind,
Pours her wine and her oil on the smarts of the mind.
The waterfall, scattering its vanishing gems;
The tall grove of hemlocks, with moss on their stems,
Like splashes of sunlight; the pond in the woods,
Where no foot but mine and the bittern's intrudes;
These are all my kind neighbours, and leave me no wish
To say aught to you all, my poor critics, but—pish!
I have buried the hatchet; I am twisting an allumette
Out of one of you now, and relighting my calumet.
In your private capacities, come when you please;
I will give you my hand and a fresh pipe a-piece."

Mr. Beeton has done well in producing this cheap edition of a very pleasant collection of poems. It is to be regretted, however, that the press was not better corrected. The book contains many errors, some of them destructive of metre and sense.

MR. MAURICE ON THE FRANCHISE.*

MR. MAURICE has written a very able and thoughtful work, to which we can make only one objection. His book is merely suggestive. This characteristic is no objection, certainly, when it applies to an argument in support of a definite proposition, urged with clearness and force. When a writer or speaker in such a case uses reasoning or illustrations which not only establish his own view, but suggest trains of thought that strengthen it, the mind is justly gratified. But Mr. Maurice's fault, like that of many of his school, is that he is suggestive without being definite. He heaps together ideas without drawing any deduction from them. He suggests reasoning which may lead the reader to a certain conclusion, but he abstains from stating the conclusion. The result is a sense of vagueness, of unreality, which only Mr. Maurice's known earnestness of conviction prevents us from calling insincerity.

* The Workman and the Franchise. Chapters in English History on the Representation and Education of the People. By Frederic Denison Maurice, M.A. London: Strahan.

But it is the same characteristic which is apparent in many writers of the day, in whom it is a real evidence and consequence of insincerity. It is the prevalent vice of that self-styled class of "thinking men" whom Mr. Maurice dislikes as fervently as we do, and who build their reputation for profundity on a series of half-truths, half uttered and half lost in a self-complacent sneer of arrogance and general disbelief.

Mr. Maurice's theory, as we slowly gather it out of his chapters, is that the right of freedom and self-government depends on the development of a capacity for organization. Perhaps it may be one reason for not stating this idea very plainly, that when stated it is merely a truism. Self-government is practicable only when the self-control and public spirit which recognise the necessity of subordinating private advantage to public interests have become sufficiently developed to be regular springs of action. This may certainly be shown in social arrangements other than such as are concerned with the government of the State. A member of a Friendly Society, or a Trades' Union, or a Co-operative Association, must have learned the lesson of subordination and combined exertion, as well as the member of the Legislature. And we rather infer, though this is not clearly stated, that Mr. Maurice's idea is that such persons are now eligible to a share in the government of the nation. But, while we conceive this to be his conclusion, we do not find it strongly supported by his historical argument. He traces the governments of ancient Rome and of England through successive phases, and establishes that more power was gradually conceded to the body of the commons, who then became a part of what he calls the people. But we confess we fail to see that this consequence followed on any evidence of their having attained a capacity of organization. It followed in virtue of their increasing collective power; but this power was wholly unorganized till the change in the Constitution which enfranchized these classes. So that the result of this historical review does not bring us much farther than the conclusion that the classes in the nation which were successively admitted to power, became organized because they were capable of being organized.

But, though we do not think that Mr. Maurice establishes very clearly the propriety of making membership of trades unions or Volunteer Corps the future basis of the franchise, by any argument drawn from his historical summary, we would not be supposed to call the summary uninteresting, any more than we would call his present proposition wholly void of reason. The book presents a really excellent outline of that inner life of the nation at different periods by which the facts of its outer life were moulded. It shows well how much a deep conviction of what is honest and right has had to do with our fate, and how often it has overpowered the influence of baser motives. Here, for instance, is a pregnant note on the source of Chatham's influence:—

"He believed that there was something besides a voracious stomach in the House of Commons and in the people generally; he spoke to a heart in them, and one came forth in answer to his speech. There was that in those very men whose price Walpole knew, which was not willing to sell itself, which could confess a higher standard than gold. The statesman who acted as if there was could command a sympathy which Walpole had not been able to procure; and because he knew a good man and could frown upon a bad, he was able to administer the affairs of the nation in the midst of a war which involved four continents, as Walpole, with all his skill, had not been able to administer them in time of peace. The consequence was, that, though Pitt belonged to no great Whig family, and was connected with no strong Whig traditions, he was able to maintain the old Whig principle, which gave as much dignity to the House of Commons as the organ of his country's voice, in a way which none of his predecessors had done. Walpole had made the House ignominious, whilst his name bound him to assert its importance. Pitt really vindicated its dignity by treating it as an assembly of gentlemen, not of tradesmen, who had come to find the best market for the most worthless of all commodities, themselves. He vindicated, also, the dignity of the Crown, by bringing it into sympathy with the Commons. He restored the popularity of the occupier of the Throne by showing that his German sympathies might be enlisted in support of a cause and a monarch that were dear to the nation."

Mr. Maurice, in so far as he desires, in some shape or other, the admission of a large infusion of the working classes into the constituencies, is a Radical; but at least he is not a mob-worshipper. He accepts the phrase "sovereignty of the people" as an expression of undeniable truth; but he explains and qualifies his acceptance of the principle:—

"Whatever involves the worship of Demus as of a divine monarch, who may decree what he likes, may put down one and set up another, dealing with all his tools to execute his commands, I repudiate as a husk, hard, coarse, and tough, but not substantial. Whoever flatters a mob—I say this emphatically, on the eve of a general election—does not reverence a people, does not love them, but hates them or despises them. With this flattery I would join the boast of conforming to the will of a majority. So help me, God, I do not mean to follow the will of a majority; I hope never to follow it—always to set it at naught. But I do find a kernel within this husk, and a very precious kernel. The chief of all is said, on authority which I deem sacred, to be the servant of all. It was a truth asserted in a thousand phases and forms by kings and popes at the time of the French Revolution. But it was practically denied by kings and popes. Who should be above others, who should not acknowledge a service—this was the struggle. I cannot deny that it is the struggle still, that we are all competing for prizes, that we are all impatient of service, even when we beg for it. Yet I trust there is a growing sense in sovereigns, in nobles, in all officials,

that they are to be the servants of the people. If servants, they cannot be slaves; they must think and act as freemen; they cannot perform their duties on any other terms. If servants of a people, they must consider other days as well as their own; what is due to the past, what is due to the future. To give the men of our own day the sense that they belong to a people, that they have an inheritance from the past, and in the future, this must be the work of our education."

This lofty tone of morality, this penetrating sense of the duties as well as the rights that belong to classes and to individuals, is the pervading theme of the volume, and at this time it will do good service. It will remind us that in adjusting the franchise there is something more than mere interests to be considered—the mere balance between each person's selfishness. It reminds the trader that not wealth alone is the object of social communion; the hereditary landowner that his inheritance makes more clear his obligation to the State which assures it; the man of culture that his education must be false and imperfect if it do not of its own force secure him a respect and a hearing for what he has to urge, such as needs no artificial handicapping of votes to make it effectual. And it teaches us that, in excluding, as we do at present, the working classes from all share of power, we are excluding classes among whom are shown certain virtues that do not flourish so strongly in higher spheres—certain virtues to the neglect of which we may trace, not unhesitatingly, some of the gravest of our national misfortunes. As a frank and bold exposition of these great truths, we welcome Mr. Maurice's work, even while we regret that its value is so largely marred by the failure to express clearly to the reader the conclusions which the author in his own mind doubtless draws clearly from the arguments and the historical illustrations which he adduces.

THE ETHICS OF THE DUST.*

MR. RUSKIN'S latest work is a book on the merits of which great differences of opinion may be expected to prevail, and of which it is easy to predict that it will prove "unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness." If a wide deviation from the high road of literature, and the choice of a path, somewhat winding and circuitous it must be admitted, but on which the dew lies fresh and untrodden by the feet of former wayfarers, be meritorious, then assuredly the present performance is entitled to high praise. We are informed that the lectures were really given in substance at a girl's school which the author visited frequently enough to enable the children to regard him as a friend, and that, as the lectures always fell more or less into the form of fragmentary answers to questions, they have been allowed to retain that form as, on the whole, likely to be more interesting than the symmetry of a continuous treatise, whilst an endeavour has been made to represent, as far as possible, the general tone of comment and inquiry among young people. How perfectly the author has succeeded in this intention it is difficult to conceive without reading the book. The sprightliness, the simplicity, the absence of all semblance of constraint, the perfect naturalness in the dialogue of the young speakers—never even forgetting to mark the distinctions of age by appropriate lights and shadows—cannot be surpassed. At the same time, it may be questioned whether Mr. Ruskin's extraordinary dramatic power of entering into and embodying the ideas of others, extending, it now appears, into the mind even of childhood, has not on the present occasion proved a snare, by leading him to occupy his pages with an amount of school-girl badinage and gossip somewhat out of proportion to the dose of instruction they are presumably introduced to render palatable. We do not think the book likely to fulfil the expectations raised by the title, "Ten Lectures on the Elements of Crystallization;" but in justice to the author it must be admitted that it is not always easy to express the design of a book within a title of moderate limits, and we are far from certain that many will not be agreeably disappointed in the contents of the volume. The author himself observes:—"It will be at once seen that these lectures were not intended for an introduction to mineralogy. Their purpose was merely to awaken in the minds of young girls who were ready to work earnestly and systematically a vital interest in the subject of their study. No science can be learned in play; but it is often possible in play to bring good fruit out of past labour, or show sufficient reasons for the labour of the future." How this aim has been fulfilled the reader will judge by the following extracts:—

"Lecturer.—Take four beads of equal size first, Isabel; put them into a little square. That you may consider as made up of two rods of two beads each. Then you can make a square a size larger out of three rods of three. Then the next square may be a size larger. How many rods, Lily?"

"Lily.—Four rods of four beads each, I suppose.

"Lecturer.—Yes, and then five rods of five, and so on. But, now, look here; make another square of four beads again. You see they leave a little opening in the centre.

"Isabel (pushing two opposite ones closer together).—Now, they don't.

"Lecturer.—No; but now it isn't a square, and by pushing the two together you have pushed the two others farther apart.

"Isabel.—And yet, somehow, they all seem closer than they were!

"Lecturer.—Yes, for before each of them only touched two of the others, but now each of the two in the middle touches the other three.

* The Ethics of the Dust. Ten Lectures to Little Housewives on the Elements of Crystallization. By John Ruskin, M.A. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

Take away one of the outsiders, Isabel; now you have three in a triangle—the smallest triangle you can make out of the beads. Now put a rod of three beads on at one side. So you have a triangle of six beads, but just the shape of the first one. Next, a rod of four on the side of that, and you have a triangle of ten beads; then a rod of five on the side of that, and you have a triangle of fifteen. Thus you have a square with five beads on the side, and a triangle with five beads on the side; equal-sided, therefore, like the square. So, however few or many you may be, you may soon learn how to crystallize yourselves quickly in the playground into these two figures, which are the foundation of form in the commonest as well as in the rarest minerals of the world.

"Lecturer.—It is on the whole easier to find some reason why the peasant girls of Berne should wear their caps in the shape of butterflies, and the peasant girls of Munich theirs in the shape of shells, than to say why the rock-crystals of Dauphiné should all have their summits of the shape of lip-pieces of flageolets, while those of St. Gothard are symmetrical; or why the floor of Chamouni is rose-coloured, and in octahedrons, while the floor of Weardale is green and in cubes. . . . Sometimes you will see little child-crystals put to school like schoolgirls and made to stand in rows, and taken the greatest care of, and taught how to hold themselves up, and behave; and sometimes you will see unhappy little child-crystals left to lie about in the dirt, and pick up their living and learn manners where they can. And sometimes you will see fat crystals eating up thin ones, like great capitalists and little labourers; and politico-economic crystals teaching the stupid ones how to eat each other and cheat each other; and foolish crystals getting in the way of wise ones; and impatient crystals spoiling the places of patient ones irreparably; just as things go on in the world. . . . Was any woman, do you suppose, ever the better for possessing diamonds? but how many have been made base, frivolous, and miserable by desiring them? Was ever man the better for having coffers full of gold? but who shall measure the guilt that is incurred to fill them? Look into the history of any civilized nations; analyze, with reference to this one cause of crime and misery, the lives and thoughts of their nobles, priests, merchants, and men of luxurious life. Every other temptation is at last concentrated into this; pride, and lust, and envy, and anger, all give up their strength to avarice. The sin of the whole world is essentially the sin of Judas. Men do not disbelieve their Christ, but they sell Him."

We should have despaired of giving the reader anything like a correct and life-like idea of a book so novel in its plan and original in its mode of execution, except by placing before him some characteristic extracts from its pages. The preceding passages are a fair specimen of that portion of the book more particularly devoted to the subject of mineralogy; those we proceed to give are still more discursive as far as crystallization is concerned, but rich in insight, and abounding in beauties of their own.

"Lecturer.—You may always stand by form against force. To a painter, the essential character of anything is the form of it; and the philosophers cannot touch that. They come and tell you, for instance, that there is as much heat or motion or calorific energy (or whatever else they like to call it) in a tea-kettle as in a Gièr-eagle. Very good; that is so, and it is very interesting. It requires just as much heat as will boil the kettle to take the Gièr-eagle up to his nest; and as much more to bring him down again on a hare or a partridge. But we painters, acknowledging the equality and similarity of the kettle and the bird in all scientific respects, attach, for our part, our principal interest to the difference in their forms. For us the primarily cognizable facts in the two things are, that the kettle has a spout and the eagle a beak; the one a lid on its back, the other a pair of wings; not to speak of the distinction also of volition, which the philosophers may properly call merely a form or mode of force; but then to the artist the form or mode is the gist of the business. The kettle chooses to sit still on the hob; the eagle to recline on the air. It is the fact of the choice, not the equal degree of temperature in the fulfilment of it, which appears to us the most interesting circumstance; though the other is very interesting too.

"Every heathen conception of deity, in which you are likely to be interested, has three distinct characters:—1st, it has a physical character. It represents some of the great powers or objects of nature—sun, or moon, or heaven, or the winds, or the sea. And the fables first related about each deity represent figuratively the action of the natural power which it represents; such as the rising and setting of the sun, the tides of the sea, and so on. 2nd, it has an ethical character, and represents in its history the moral dealings of God with man. Thus Apollo is first physically the sun contending with darkness; but, morally, the power of divine life contending with corruption. Athena is physically the air; morally, the breathing of the divine spirit of wisdom. Neptune is physically the sea; morally, the supreme power of agitating passion, and so on. 3rd, it has at last a personal character, and is realized in the minds of its worshippers as a living spirit, with whom men may speak face to face as a man speaks to his friend.

"Now, it is impossible to define exactly how far at any period of a national religion these three ideas are mingled, or how far one prevails over the other. Each inquirer usually takes up one of these ideas, and pursues it to the exclusion of the others; no impartial effort seems to have been made to discern the real state of the heathen imagination in its successive phases. For the question is not at all what a mythological figure meant in its origin, but what it became in each subsequent mental development of the nation inheriting the thought. Exactly in proportion to the mental and moral insight of any race its mythological figures mean more to it and become more real. An early and savage race mean nothing more (because it has nothing more to mean) by its Apollo than the sun; while a cultivated Greek means every operation of divine intellect and justice. . . .

"We owe to the Greeks every noble discipline in literature; every radical principle of art; and every form of convenient beauty in our household furniture and daily occupations of life. We are unable

ourselves to make rational use of half that we have received from them, and of our own we have nothing but discoveries in science, and fine mechanical adaptations of the discovered physical powers. On the other hand, the vice existing among certain classes, both of the rich and poor, in London, Paris, and Vienna, could have been conceived by a Spartan or Roman of the heroic ages only as possible in a Tartarus, where fiends were employed to teach, but not to punish crime. It little becomes us to speak contemptuously of the religion of races to whom we stand in such relations; nor do I think any man of modesty or thoughtfulness will ever speak so of any religion in which God has allowed one good man to die trusting. . . . Do not think you will ever get harm by striving to enter into the faith of others, and to sympathize in imagination with the guiding principles of their lives. So only can you justly love them, or pity them, or praise. By the gracious effort you will double, treble, nay, indefinitely multiply, at once the pleasure, the reverence, and the intelligence with which you read; and believe me, it is wiser and holier by the fire of your own faith to kindle the ashes of expired religions, than to let your soul shiver and stumble among their graves through the gathering darkness and communicable cold."

That some of the ideas here expressed with the beauty and poetic fervour so characteristic of the writings of Mr. Ruskin, are beyond the capacity of the ordinary mind of childhood, cannot, we think, be doubted; still, we are inclined to believe the work fulfils the object for which it was designed better than is usually the case with books written for the instruction of children. One thing which is certain is, that it possesses that primary qualification to which all others are subordinate, viz., that of being sufficiently interesting to insure its being read. The lively and playful air of the conversation, in which all the children join without restraint, suffices for this. That great point gained, and the book having sufficient attractions to become a favourite, we are disposed to think it far from disadvantageous that a few passages occur here and there, likely to baffle youthful curiosity at the first reading, and usefully exercise it in endeavouring to penetrate their meaning, or, failing in this, to seek an explanation from parents or teachers. Educational works, studiously written down to the level of the class for which they have been designed, have never proved a success, and seldom find acceptance. Another valuable feature of the work before us is the felicitous manner in which the leading facts of the subject are sought to be grafted on the memory. We will adduce the instance of the artifice employed to familiarize the pupils with the primary forms of crystallization, by suggesting to them to play at crystallizing, by forming themselves in the playground into the required figures, and then going rapidly through the evolution of dispersing and reforming themselves. This leads up to the question of the marvel, how each atom finds its way, without jostling its neighbour, to its proper place, so that the result is one symmetrical whole—a feat, the apparent difficulty and really wonderful character of which is illustrated and impressed on the mind by an allegory. The bricks for building the great Pyramid of Asychis are supposed to be lying in heaps beside the lake from the clay of which they were kneaded, when, at the invocation of the Egyptian goddess Neith, they rise in the air like a flight of locusts, separate north, south, east, and west, into four battalions, and, at the closing of the wings of the goddess, with a sound like the sound of a rushing sea, the four flocks draw together, and sink down like sea-birds settling on a level rock, so that the pyramid stands perfect—purple in the light of the setting sun.

The greatest defect of educational books hitherto is unquestionably that they are generally mere articulated skeletons put together by pedants, and lacking the clothing of flesh and blood required for depriving them of their repulsive aspect, and making their features attractive to the eyes of youth. The present performance offers a happy contrast to this stereotyped form of laborious dullness. We hail the appearance of its author in his new vocation, and trust that he will carry out his proposed intention of following up the present work by an illustrated one, with notes explanatory of the more interesting phenomena in the various groups of the more familiar minerals. Finally, however opinions may differ as to the merits of the volume regarded as an educational work, no difference of opinion can exist as to the earnestness of purpose and elevation of aim by which it is characterized, nor as to the grace and elegance of the language in which its ideas are embodied.

SEE-SAW.*

THE most commendable feature in this novel is that it is written in two volumes instead of three. Mr. Reade knows neither how to construct a plot, nor how to depict a character capable of fixing the attention of the reader. His style would be tolerably good if it did not present so many painful efforts to be epigrammatic; but the tone of his book is insufferably cynical, and its tendency is disgustingly immoral. He has little original skill as a student of human passion, and he has not been successful as an imitator. In his ideas of the present condition of society, he clumsily enunciates Thackeray's views; but where the author of "Vanity Fair" would have carefully avoided exposing vice, Mr. Reade rashly tears away the veil, and shows us wickedness in its most fascinating colours. This, indeed, is a special feature of his work. In his sketches of character he follows—but at what a distance!—the writings of Bulwer, and he gives a glow and warmth to the aspects

* See-Saw. A Novel. By Francesco Abati. Edited by W. Winwood Reade. London: Moxon & Co.

of immorality which we should not have been surprised at in French novels of a certain class, but which is unusual in English romances. Mr. Reade displays the powers of a flippant Thackeray, a mutilated Bulwer, and a subdued Feydeau; and, as a consequence, he has given us a novel which, with little actual merit, is intolerably coxcombical and intensely vicious.

The story commences in Florence. A debauched old gambler, Restoni, has a daughter, Maddalena, a large-eyed, uninteresting creature, with a good voice, whom, from mercenary motives, he wishes to see upon the stage. A dilettante composer hears the girl sing, appreciates her vocal powers, and advises Restoni to introduce her to his friend the Marchese dei Lorini, who is devoted to the interests of music. Restoni adopts his advice, and calls upon Lorini, a young nobleman of the sleek, sensual, and tolerably intellectual type, who bids him bring Maddalena. Now, Lorini, who has been a very fast young man, and who has given up all dreams of sentimental love, has for some time had an ambition to educate and bring out a prima donna. He therefore hears Maddalena sing, is pleased with her voice, and determines to develop it. The girl comes regularly to the Marchese's house, and is instructed in the vocal science by Lorini. They do not fall desperately in love with each other. Maddalena respects Lorini, and he has upon hand an absorbing *liaison* with a Russian beauty, the Baroness Sackowsky, who had lately come to Florence, leaving her husband, a distinguished general in the Imperial army, campaigning in the Caucasus. Thus matters go on for some months. Lorini, with the true feeling of an artist, spends his mornings in cultivating Maddalena's voice, and, equally energetic as a man of the world, he devotes his evenings to enjoying the company of the Baroness. Meanwhile, Maddalena becomes passionately attached to him, and Restoni develops a dislike for the Marchese, which appears to have existed from the commencement. At last Maddalena is "brought out" at the Pergola, and produces such a *furor* that Lorini commences to worship her, and the Baroness begins to be jealous. This is one of the turning points in the plot. The manager of the London Opera engages Maddalena, and thus all the characters of the tale are shipped for England. At this period, the Baroness does the diabolical. Through the assistance of a French maid, Julie—a sort of semi-reformed courtesan, whose acquaintance with the *can-can* appears to have been her highest accomplishment—combined with the influence of Restoni, she causes the lovers' letters to be intercepted. By these means a coldness is brought about between Maddalena and Lorini, and a quarrel of the latter with Restoni completes the estrangement. As may be imagined, Maddalena is unhappy; so is Lorini; but his visions are dissipated by the cynicism of an artist, Jenoure—a self-conceited, shallow-reasoning young man, whose marked characteristic is the idea that he is a second Crichton. Maddalena and Lorini being thus separated, Restoni's schemes come into play. He becomes acquainted with a rich, bloated, apoplectic merchant, named Atkins, who has contracted a late-in-life habit of "going behind the scenes." This man is the tool for his wicked devices. In consideration of a sum of money, he consents to a marriage with Maddalena. The ceremony is concluded; the unhappy couple go down to the country, and, through the machinations of an austere sister-in-law, are made to hate each other. Lorini and a faithful servant go to Baden-Baden, where the Baroness soon turns up also. At this particular stage, we have Atkins and Maddalena making each other exceedingly miserable, Restoni drinking and gambling and proving himself a nuisance to his respectable son-in-law, Lorini spending all his money in the excitement of roulette, and the Baroness—well, she is disporting herself after the manner of her class. But Atkins will no longer tolerate the extravagances of Restoni, and Maddalena, who has now discovered her father's perfidy, denounces him as her destroyer. Rejected by both, he starts for Baden-Baden, and begs himself at the gambling-table. The petty devices of torture adopted by Miss Atkins render Maddalena's life unbearable, and she therefore one night leaves the house, travels up to London, and calls upon Dr. Darlington, a physician of the philanthropic type, who insists that she shall return to her home. She consents to this, and Darlington returns with her, only, however, to find that her husband has died of apoplexy.

Turning now to Baden-Baden, we are treated to a pre-Raphaelite sketch of one of the midnight orgies of the Baroness. The champagne cotillon is being danced, and of this elegant and moral piece of entertainment Mr. Reade gives us the following graphic sketch:—

"Eight chairs were arranged in a circle, and the cotillon began. At first they danced in the ordinary manner; but the figures became more and more bizarre; finally it broke into a graceful romp, and when they returned to their seats the space in the centre resembled a battlefield, being covered with the shreds of dresses . . . The glasses were emptied, and they waltzed madly round and round . . . Again the corks popped; again four white arms, flecked with champagne froth, were held out; again eight pairs of eyes exchanged looks of liquid fire, and Jenoure, raising his glass, exclaimed, 'To all wives who are not enamoured of their husbands!' The laugh ascended to a shriek of delight, and in the waltz which followed, Olga's (the Baroness) hair became unloosed, and fell down to her waist in long golden waves."

Suddenly, the folding-doors are thrown open, and the guests rush from one side of the chamber, while retribution, in the form of the unhappy Russian General, enters at the other. The Baron has had spies; his wife's conduct is known to him; all efforts at reconciliation are vain. In a generous spirit he forgives Lorini, and forthwith he sets off with the Baroness for Siberia.

Lorini is now reduced to utter penury, for he has mortgaged his estates, and has spent the proceeds. He is quite an altered being. He has given up all ideas of love and other unartistic emotions, and is wholly absorbed by the study of music. He will write an opera that will astonish the world. His old servant, Antonio, is devoted to him in that feudal fashion so rarely seen in common life, but which is so familiar to novelists. Master and man live together in a small cottage on the borders of the Black Forest, and their retirement is suddenly broken by the appearance of Maddalena, who has come to Baden-Baden to search for her father, and, having seen his grave, is about to return when she meets Antonio. Lorini's reception of his former love is philosophic, if not affecting. All passion has been rooted out; he is now the egotist-artist, and can only speak to her of his musical compositions, and his determination to out-Mozart Mozart. She sees the change and sorrows over it; but she can only be happy in his society, and she remains for some months in the enjoyment of this Platonic affection. One day he explains to her the pecuniary difficulties which prevent his bringing out his opera successfully; she explains that now she is rich, and offers to assist him. This brings back the old feelings of bitterness. In reproachful terms he declines the wages of vice; they quarrel, and she bids him farewell.

Lorini and Antonio now proceed to Florence, where the *miliare* is raging fearfully. Through some misunderstanding with the manager of the theatre, the opera is not produced. Antonio writes to London to Maddalena that they are in want, and subsequently Lorini is suddenly struck down by the pestilence. On the receipt of Antonio's letter, Maddalena induces Dr. Darlington to accompany her to Florence—his consent being partly brought about by his desire to try the effect of ice in the cure of the *miliare*, and, by a wonderful coincidence, they arrive on the very night that Lorini is taken to the hospital. Leaving Maddalena at the hotel, Darlington turns into the streets to find tidings of Lorini, and, by another wonderful coincidence, he meets a procession, headed by the very priest who is about to administer "extreme unction" to the dying man. He enters the hospital, waits till the religious ceremony is over, applies ice-bags, and rescues the patient from the grave. Thus he brings Maddalena and Lorini together once more. This time the result is happier. The old love has returned, and, after a short period of intense "biling and cooing," the hero and heroine are satisfactorily married.

The situations, where they are not absolutely unnatural, are extremely commonplace, and the characters are all unfinished. Beyond the coarser passions, Mr. Reade appears to have little insight into the depths of human emotion. He has not "thought out" his *dramatis personæ*; for in many instances there is a singular incompatibility between the sketch he gives us of a speaker and the words he puts into his mouth. The book has all the brilliancy which attaches to meretricious epigram and well-dressed wickedness; but it deserves no real status as an addition to our literature. Mischievously conceived, it contains but two attractively painted characters—a drunkard and an adulteress.

THE SCIENTIFIC PERIODICALS.

THE *Intellectual Observer* opens with an article on "Experiments on Stratified Discharges in Vacuum Tubes." The writer does not attach his name to the paper, but he is clearly conversant with the subject he has taken in hand. The plate which is given in illustration of the effects produced by electric discharges in vacuo, is as good as it could be, considering the difficulty of the subject; but it does not truly represent the phenomena of stratified discharges, as seen with the eye. The effects produced by passing electricity of a high tension through a partial vacuum, are extremely pretty, and to those who are interested in physics we recommend the perusal of this article. The "Notes on Fungi," though somewhat of the "dryas dust" character, are useful to the scientific botanist, and, as they are contributed by the Rev. M. J. Berkeley, we have no doubt they will be carefully studied by "fungologists," or "mycologists," as they sometimes delight to call themselves. There is an interesting paper on a very curious subject, "The Newton Stone." It consists of a critical examination of the views of Dr. G. Moore upon the significance of the ancient pillar stones of Scotland. The writer inclines to the belief that the inscription is simply the remnant of the words, "Hic jacet Constantinus filius." Dr. Moore, on the contrary, endeavours "to develop a new interpretation of his own, on the assumption that the language in which it is written is what he calls 'Arian,' and his theory is, that, at a remote period, when the whole Arian family was still only one people, located in a spot in Central Asia, Arian missionaries made their way across the continents of Asia and Europe to plant in the north of Scotland this monument of pure Buddhism." "Rambles in Cornwall, for Minerals and Ferns," is the title of a sketchy account of a visit to that part of our island known (or unknown) as "West Barbary." Professor Ansted gives us a graphic description of a "Winter Visit to Mount Etna." He does not, however, confine his observations to his experiences as a tourist, but descends learnedly upon the geology of the mountain. The whole of the country round Etna appears to be the result of a series of volcanic eruptions, which extended over a part of the tertiary period of geologists into modern times. "Geologically, Etna is not old, although there is no evidence to show the exact date of the earliest eruptions." The other articles, and the notes and memoranda, in the present number, are well worth reading.

The *Geological Magazine* has passed into the hands of Messrs. Trübner, and has certainly benefited by its change of publishers. The present number is full of well-executed plates and woodcuts, and

contains many articles of importance. Professor Phillips contributes the first article, upon the fossils of the Stonesfield slate. He dwells especially upon a description of the wings of dragon-flies found in these deposits. Only one wing of *Libellula Westwoodii* is really preserved, "but, by the splitting of the stone along its plane, the structures are traceable in both specimens. . . . The state of preservation is good, so that a large part of the net-work of the wings, between the main, somewhat radiating, veins can be examined." The study of the fauna of the Stonesfield slate is one which throws much light upon the complex question of the succession of life on the land and in the water, and therefore Professor Phillips's present paper is highly acceptable. Mr. E. C. H. Day gives us a sketch of an ancient beach and submerged forest near Wissant. Geological readers will remember that this locality was carefully examined, but without success, by Mr. Prestwich, who sought to discover the remains of an ancient sea-beach. Mr. Day was more fortunate. Whilst examining the coast between Wissant and Cape Blanc-Nez, he was struck by the peculiar appearance of a recent formation, which formed part of a low cliff between the former place and the little hamlet of St. Pol. "The higher part of the 'between-tide-marks' is here covered by flint shingle, and at high-water level a bed of shingle of ancient origin begins to crop up into sight, from which evidently the flints of the present beach are derived." The character of the old beach cannot be very distinctly seen at first, but, by proceeding in a north-easterly direction, the observer can see "the recent accumulation well exposed capping the secondary strata, and interposing between them and the sand-dunes;" and subsequent visits discovered to the writer the presence of "a most instructive example" of an ancient and partially submerged forest. The abstracts of memoirs, reviews, and notes, have their usual character.

The *Journal of Botany* presents an opening article, by Dr. J. E. Gray, upon *Micro-dictyon* and its Mexican allies. This is an essay of some importance, and, though it appears very dry and technical to the general reader, it contains much information that will be greedily devoured by those who are interested in the pursuit and study of Algæ. "Remarks on the Modern Tendency to Combine Species" is an attack on the present somewhat unphilosophical system of grouping distinct species together under one specific title. The writer urges many sound objections to the practice, and shows that very small structural differences may oftentimes mean far more functionally than the mere taxologist is aware of. Dr. Hance has put forward his views with so much modest diffidence that we think his paper should be read by all who wish to make botanical science what it certainly is not yet—a department of philosophy. The other articles are not remarkable for interest.

Hardwicke's Science Gossip contains its usual store of interesting natural history information. It appeals above all to amateur savants, and to such we heartily recommend it.

Newton's Journal of the Arts and Sciences, besides supplying us with a record of the patents for the month, has an important article on the future of our working classes.

The *Artisan* has a noteworthy paper on steam as the motive power in earthquakes and volcanoes; and the *Social Science Review* furnishes its readers with more than ordinary variety, the subjects being "Infection and its Prevention," "The Dwellings of the People in the Metropolis," "Hospitals," the prospects of Jamaica as a Crown Colony, and "The Literature of the Insane."

SHORT NOTICES.

The North British Review. March, 1866. (Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.)—Mr. Palgrave's "Narrative of a Journey through Central and Eastern Arabia" forms the subject of the first article in the new number of this Review, and is very severely handled for its "inaccuracies and fictions," though the critic admits that it is written in a picturesque and amusing manner. The second article—"A Jacobite Family"—can hardly be considered a review at all, and indeed is not put forth as such, but is a striking and vivid account of Scottish life, as seen in a certain district, and in connection with a certain set of persons, at the time of the second Pretender, and rather later. The paper on Austria is a good summary of the modern history and present condition of that unwieldy and incoherent Empire. "The crimes of the House of Hapsburg" are arraigned, and the existing state of the various nationalities, relatively both to each other and to the central Power, is clearly explained. Of the future of Austria, a somewhat doubting and gloomy view is taken; but the writer is not unfriendly in his tone, being even desirous of seeing the Austrian Empire advance successfully in her recent path of reform and amelioration, and redeem the errors of the past by a better future. Mr. Martin's translation of "Faust" is very favourably reviewed, and so is the recent theological work, "Ecce Homo." The article on Robert Henryson gives a good account, with specimens, of an early Scotch poet of unquestionable powers—one of that set of fine, though rough and incomplete, geniuses who appeared in the northern kingdom between the eras of our own Chaucer and of the poets of the Reformation, and who worthily filled a gap in the annals of British literature which would otherwise be somewhat barren. The remaining articles are on "The Ecclesiastical Commission," and on "Reform and Political Parties"—the one dealing with facts, and the other with principles, but neither requiring special analysis.

Swedenborg and his Modern Critics: with Some Remarks upon the Last Times. By the Rev. Augustus Clissold, M.A., formerly of Exeter College, Oxford. (Longmans & Co.)—Mr. Clissold is a Swedenborgian, and he has taken offence at certain observations on the teachings of the Swedish mystic which he finds in an article in a recent number of the *Englishman's Magazine*, in Dr. Irons's work, "The Bible and its Interpreters," in "The Catholic Doctrine of the Atonement" of Mr. Oxenham, in Mr. Wilberforce's "Doctrine of the Incarnation," in

Dr. Newman's "Select Treatises of Athanasius, with Notes," and in other places. In the opinion of Mr. Clissold, Swedenborg inaugurated "the New Church," that is to say, the final and most perfect development of the Christian religion. Our author considers that all the existing Churches of Christendom are tottering to their fall, and that, but for "the New Church," mankind would perish. Swedenborg, however, anticipated that for some time the followers of the New Church would be but few. The change from the dominion of the Old Church to that of the New is to be gradual; but signs are not wanting at the present day that it is progressing, and will shortly progress still more. The remarkable passages in the Bible about the destruction of the world at the second coming of Jesus Christ, and the creation of a new heaven and a new earth to succeed the old, are said by Swedenborg to be simply typical of the coming of the better religion which he foreshadowed. There is to be no physical destruction of the actual heavens and earth, and the various expressions used are only to be regarded metaphorically. Into these and other subjects of a mystical nature, Mr. Clissold enters in his thick pamphlet, his object being not only instruction, but refutation; and if any one is desirous of hearing what an intelligent Swedenborgian has got to say for himself, he cannot do better than read this brief treatise.

Haydn's Dictionary of Dates, relating to All Ages and Nations: for Universal Reference. Twelfth Edition, corrected to February, 1866, by Benjamin Vincent, Assistant Secretary and Keeper of the Royal Institution of Great Britain. (Moxon & Co.)—The object of this old-established work is to set forth, in a dictionary form, and with great brevity, some account of "remarkable occurrences, ancient and modern,—the foundation, laws, and governments of countries,—their progress in arts, science, and literature,—their achievements in arms, and their civil, military, religious, and philanthropic institutions; particularly of the British Empire." The work differs from a Cyclopædia, inasmuch as it is more concentrated, distributed under a greater variety of heads, less tied down to great departments of science, and more full of details which might be considered below the dignity of a more pretentious book. It also includes a large number of chronological tables, and the facts are grouped in such a way as to give the reader every facility for rapid consultation. The volume has been greatly improved under the editorship of Mr. Vincent, and the present volume is a masterpiece of comprehensiveness. Even in the body of the work, and still more in the Appendix, events are included of such recent occurrence that they have hardly yet ceased to be the theme of newspaper comment; and a good index gives additional value to the Dictionary. The volume, as now presented, deserves the highest praise.

The Science of Memory Fully Expounded, for the use of Students, Ministers, Public Speakers, &c. By B. Lyon Williams. (Nisbet & Co.)—It is only a few weeks ago that we noticed a little book on the art of strengthening the memory, and of recollecting a large number of incongruous ideas, words, and figures, by means of an elaborate system of mnemonics. Mr. Williams treats of the same subject, but his system, though analogous, appears to be simpler. It is mainly based on the association of familiar with unfamiliar ideas; and, no doubt, great help to the memory is to be derived, on special occasions, by a resort to this method of fixing a fact which in itself presents no salient point for the memory to take hold of. Thus, if a man of culture has to recollect the figure nine, he is more likely to do so by associating it with the nine Muses, because a definite and picturesque idea is substituted for a purely abstract one. But we doubt if the memory is permanently or generally strengthened by such a process, and, as a rule, we cannot put much faith in elaborate systems of mnemonics, which task the memory much more than they help it. Some few persons, with a special aptitude for recollecting large bodies of facts, and even detached figures and words, may be still further assisted by methods which in themselves require a very good memory to retain them; but we strongly question the probability of any such systems being commonly adopted or found to be serviceable. Mr. Williams, however, thinks differently, and we are of course very willing that his plans should have a fair trial. He writes with clearness, though in a rather diffuse and ambitious style.

Odds and Ends. (Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.)—We have from time to time noticed most of the essays contained in this volume, as they appeared in separate issues. Besides anonymous authors, we find among the acknowledged writers Mr. D'Arcy W. Thompson, Dr. John Brown, and Mr. Froude; and the subjects treated of are Convicts, Penitentiaries and Reformatories, Paris in the present day, Education, the Influence of the Reformation on the Scottish Character (this is Mr. Froude's contribution), and others of a gossiping or fanciful kind. The volume forms a very interesting miscellany—various in its contents, at times amusing, at times instructive, and always strikingly and ably written.

An Introduction to Heraldry. By Hugh Clark. Eighteenth Edition, revised and corrected by J. R. Planché, Rouge-Croix, Pursuivant of Arms. (Bell & Daldy.)—In the cold, practical light of this nineteenth century, heraldry has somewhat the same tawdry and unreal look which a tragedy king or queen would have walking along Pall Mall in stage finery under the broad sunshine of noon-day. Yet there is a certain interest in it as a relic of mediæval manners, and as something in it itself fanciful, gorgeous, grotesque, almost fairy-like in its brilliant extravagance. It has even a connection with history and biography, and helps to illustrate the family annals of our aristocracy. We are not yet, in this country, sufficiently free from old world influences to hold heraldry in entire contempt; and so this manual of the art, or science, with its numerous illustrations, and its arms of distinguished families, may be commended to all who feel attracted towards the subject.

The Beauties of Washington Irving. (Tegg.)—Irving was hardly the right kind of author from whom to make an Anthology. His style was not sufficiently concentrated, and the charm of his delightful tales and essays lay too much in their elaborate completeness and highly-wrought skill, to render a mere selection of detached passages desirable. Still, if anybody wishes to gain a superficial knowledge of

the earliest of American humorists and storytellers, without the trouble of hunting for himself through his voluminous works, he may be content with the thick little volume issued by Mr. Tegg, and illustrated with some quaint, old-fashioned woodcuts by George Cruikshank, evidently executed a good many years ago.

Golden Leaves from the American Poets. Collected by John W. S. Hows. With an Introductory Essay by Alexander Smith. (Warne & Co.)—It is amazing how large a body of American poetry already exists. Mr. Alexander Smith, in his introductory essay to the present volume, alludes to this fact, and attributes it to the general spread of education, the constant agitation of the American mind, the bright air and exciting climate. Much of this poetry, though not distinctly national, is very truthful and charming, and we are glad to receive a well-selected volume of specimens. Commencing with an anonymous New England poem, written in 1630, and supposed to be the first poem produced in America—a sort of homely, Thomas Tusser piece of versifying—the collection brings us down to the present day, including, of course, all the chief poets, and a great many who are quite unknown on this side of the Atlantic. Selections are generally rather unsatisfactory affairs; but this will probably be found as much as most English readers require in the way of New World poetry, excepting in the case of those eminent authors whose works are well-known or easily procurable.

The Contemporary Review. March, 1866. (Strahan.)—Mr. Lecky's "History of Rationalism" is reviewed by the Rev. Principal Tulloch in the new number of the *Contemporary Review*; "Modern Portrait-painting" is subjected to critical examination by Mr. Lowes Dickinson, and the "Education of Women" is discussed by the Rev. Thomas Markby. The Rev. Professor Cheetham, in discoursing of "Theodore Parker and American Unitarianism," gives the celebrated American preacher credit for teaching a pure and unselfish morality, and for again bringing into prominence the fact that natural goodness is to be found even among heathens and idolaters; but he thinks that more than this cannot be said. A Dutch gentleman writes an article on the Church of his native country, in which he controverts a recent statement of the *Westminster Review* that that Church is "the most free of any of the regularly constituted Churches of Christendom." Dr. Dörner, of Berlin, has an essay on "Modern Theories concerning the Life of Jesus," chiefly referring to Strauss and Renan; and a few other articles, mostly of a religious character, are to be found in combination with the foregoing.

The Eclectic, for March (Jackson, Walford, & Hodder), contains a very fair variety of review articles, theological, literary, and amusing.

British Beetles: an Introduction to the Study of our Indigenous Coleoptera. By E. C. Rye, Member of the Entomological Societies of France and Stettin, &c. (Lovell Reeve & Co.)—We can simply recommend to our scientific readers this learned and careful account of British beetles. The subject is too technical to be discussed here; indeed, the author avows that his treatise is not composed in a "popular" style. But for those really interested in the subject, it abounds in information, well arranged, and kept within a moderate compass. The plates, which are very numerous, are beautifully drawn and coloured.

The Conscience Clause: its History, Terms, Effect, and Principle. A Reply to Archdeacon Denison. By John Oakley, M.A. (Ridgway.)—The pamphlet bearing this title was originally read (though in a more condensed form) at a meeting of the London clergy and a few laity, convened in order to combat Archdeacon Denison's opposition to the Conscience Clause by which the Dissenting parents of children in schools assisted by Government grants are enabled to withdraw the children from any instruction in the doctrines and principles of the Church of England. Mr. Oakley gives a succinct history of the clause, and argues the whole question with temper and ability. His treatise presents a very good account of a matter not so generally understood as it ought to be, considering its importance with relation to the religious beliefs and educational progress of the country.

Of pamphlets we have to acknowledge—*A Letter on the "Mad Act," otherwise entitled the Cattle Diseases Prevention Act*, addressed to Sir Rainald Knightley, Bart., and Colonel Henry Cartwright, Members for South Northamptonshire, by the Rev. J. Storer, M.A. (Ridgway);—*The Pestilence, why Inflicted, its Duration and Desolating Character*, by James Biden (Legg, Gosport);—*The Adoption of a Single Oath means the Abolition of the Oath of Supremacy*, by Augustus G. Stapleton (Macintosh);—*Malt, Malt Liquor, Malt Tax, and Barley*, being a Reply to Sir Fitzroy Kelly, &c., by J. Livesey (Tweedie);—*The French Universal Exhibition of 1867*—another statement by Mr. Maw with reference to his claims in connection with the plan for the building (Cox & Wyman);—*Plan of Making England and Ireland Connecting Links in the Chain of Intercommunication between the Old and New Worlds*, by W. H. Villiers Sankey, C.E. (Effingham Wilson);—and *Observations on the Royal Commission and the Disturbances in Jamaica* (Hardwicke). Of miscellaneous publications we have received *The Model Ready Reckoner* (Warne & Co.);—*Counterparts, or the Cross of Love*, by the Author of "Charles Anchester"—one of the shilling "Monthly Volumes" of Messrs. Smith & Elder;—*Satan*, a Poem by Mark Nicholson (Pickburn)—twelve pages of blank verse for threepence;—the March Part of *Photographic Portraits of Men of Eminence* (A. W. Bennett);—No. XXXVI., New Series, of the *Autographic Mirror* (Ive);—No. II. of the *Universal Financial Review*;—No. III. of the *Edinburgh University Magazine*;—No. III., Vol. IX., of the *Church of the People*;—Part VIII. of the new edition of *Brande's Dictionary of Science, Literature, and Art* (Longmans & Co.);—and Part XII. of Dr. Latham's edition of *Johnson's Dictionary* (Same Publishers).

THE indefatigable Mr. Dircks, of Polytechnic ghost notoriety, has just published a supplement to his "Life of the Marquis of Worcester," under the title of "Worcesteriana: Notices of 180 Works relating to the Marquis of Worcester, or his Family Connections."

LITERARY GOSSIP.

SEVERAL of the subscribers to Waring's "Masterpieces of Industrial Art and Sculpture at the International Exhibition, 1862," are complaining of the threat which has recently been made of throwing some two hundred copies of that fine work upon the market by means of the auction room. At the time subscribers' names were being solicited, a guarantee was given that only the exact number of copies subscribed for should be printed; and this promise was made because other expensive works had been previously thrown upon the market at reduced prices within a few months of their publication, and it was thought desirable to restore confidence to the public mind. This magnificent work upon the Exhibition of 1862 cost subscribers from £18 to £26 (according to the binding), and they will certainly not be very well pleased to see copies ticketed up in the booksellers' windows at a reduced price, as in the case of Digby Wyatt's "Art of Illuminating," the "Victoria Psalter," and other fine books; neither do we think it fair to the first subscribers.

"Daniel Lambert" is the title of Alexand Dumas' new drama, now in rehearsal at one of the Paris theatres. Dumas has just signed a new contract with the *New Free Press* of Vienna, to give it a novel drawn from life in Paris, the price, £1,000. Very recently he was at Pesth, where the extraordinary costume in which he delivered a lecture was the cause of considerable laughter. The lecturer appeared in the Hungarian national costume.

In answer to our paragraph last week concerning Mr. Halliwell's offer of one hundred guineas for an imperfect "Love's Labour's Lost," 4to., which was sold in 1826, Mr. Edwin Tyrer, of West Hampton, writes to say that he has an edition "of 1709, printed for Jacob Tonson." This, we are quite sure, is not the volume Mr. Halliwell is in search of, which should bear the date 1598. Concerning the value of old books, there appears to be more mystification in the public mind than on almost any other subject. Who has not endured the exhibition of a tattered old Bible believed to be priceless, and of a value only to be reckoned with such rarities as Queen Anne's farthings, because in the seventh verse of the third chapter of Genesis the word "breeches" is used instead of our modern version "aprons"? Again and again has it been stated by well-informed bibliographers that not one in ten of these so-called "breeches" Bibles, in their generally imperfect state, is worth five shillings; but the popular belief continues, and, year after year, the same tattered bundles are brought to London, carefully wrapped in silk handkerchiefs, and unrolled before some dealer's gaze with the mystery accompanying the disinterment of an Egyptian mummy, only to be met with the said dealer's remark that it might be worth half a crown, but that he would be very sorry to give that sum. A Bible of 1540 is one thing—an imperfect one of 1610 or 1620, quite another; and a play of Shakespeare's, dated 1598, may be worth hundreds of pounds, whereas one dated 1709 may not be worth more than a shilling.

The sale of the extensive library formed by the late Dr. Graham, Bishop of Worcester, is now being proceeded with at Messrs. Sotheby's rooms in the Strand. The collection comprises an important gathering of Bibles, Testaments, and Liturgies, Fathers of the Church, Commentators on the Sacred Writings, and English and Foreign Divinity generally. Of very rare or "curious" books, there are but few in the collection.

At Messrs. Puttick & Simpson's sale-rooms, the disposal of the library of Dr. Robert Ferguson, late physician to the Queen, is being proceeded with. Dr. Ferguson was an able contributor to the *Quarterly Review*, and the author of several valuable scientific papers and books. His library comprises the works of the best modern writers, English and foreign, on Natural Science, with a large collection of books on Theology, History, Criticism, and Philology.

The English language has been officially adopted by the Government of the Japanese Empire, and permission has been given to have it taught publicly. Prince Satsuma is now turning his attention to commerce, and is largely engaged in the silk trade, finding it more profitable to sell silk to the English than to have his palaces battered down by them.

We regret to hear that the late Captain Gronow, the author of four volumes of personal recollections with which our readers are familiar, has left a widow, and four young children by his second marriage, utterly destitute, without means to defray his funeral expenses, or even to purchase bread. Captain Gronow, we are informed, was disinherited by his father in favour of his brother, a clergyman, and the small income which he derived from the interest of a sum charged on the family estates ceased with his life, while the sums he received from time to time for his "Recollections" were expended in providing for the increasing expenses of his young family. Under these circumstances, the friends of Madame Gronow in Paris have come to her aid, and they now appeal to the liberality of her late husband's friends in London, and also to the readers of his Reminiscences, for contributions to enable her to maintain and educate her children. Subscriptions are received by Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co., 65, Cornhill, and 45, Pall-mall; and by Messrs. Cox & Greenwood, Army Agents, Craig's-court, Parliament-street.

We hear from America that Mr. Bayard Taylor's new novel, on the eve of publication, will have for its title "The Story of Kennett," that being the name of the village in which the chief scenes are laid. It is in Chester County, Pennsylvania, a pastoral, lovely region, not unlike our Warwickshire. The time of the novel is about the beginning of the present century. Mr. Taylor was born at Kennett, where he has a country seat which he calls Cedarcroft.

Prince Napoleon is about to sell all his bronze and marble statues, collected by him in his Roman House, Avenue Montaigne, Paris. With these will be sold the Roman curiosities and *objets d'art* which had been exhibited in the same house.

Mr. W. H. Russell has another new novel on the eve of publication—"The Adventures of Dr. Brady; or, the City and the Camp." Messrs. Day & Son will issue the work.

An interesting topographical work is in course of publication by Messrs. Longman & Co.—"The County Seats of the Noblemen and Gentlemen of Great Britain and Ireland," in a series of coloured views, edited by the Rev. F. O. Morris. The book appears in parts, each containing four plates from water-colour drawings executed expressly for the work.

Under the title of *The Flying Dragon*, Professor Summers has commenced what we hope will be a very prosperous undertaking—a Chinese newspaper in London. It is published monthly, and two numbers have already appeared. These will probably astonish the Celestials very considerably. The first number contains some general remarks upon the advantages to be derived from newspapers, a summary of European news, including Lord Palmerston's death, the loss of the *London*, the death of King Leopold, and the close of the civil war in America; next, a dissertation upon railways, their usefulness, economy, and other advantages; and, lastly, some information which must have puzzled the worthy professor to put into Chinese, viz., advertisements of English products and businesses,—Eley's patent cartridges, Ransom's steam ploughs, Bryant & May's matches, Colt's revolvers, &c. No. II. contains a map of Europe, which we fear will give but a poor conception of the wealth and power of England, contrasted as the size naturally will be with that of Russia or Germany.

Another reprint of the "Hundred Mery Talys," commonly called "Shakespeare's Jest Book," has just appeared, with introduction and notes by Dr. Herman Oesterley. This reprint is said to be from the original black-letter copy, of which only one perfect copy is known.

In Melbourne there has recently been published "The Adventures of Captain Achilles von Humboldt Blowhard, being a Trip to Wood's Point, showing how that intrepid traveller fared upon the road, and the success which attended his mining speculations." This book of comic travel has been issued by the contributors of the *Melbourne Punch*.

The other Magazines, besides *Temple Bar*, formerly published at 122, Fleet-street, have found new publishers. The *St. James's Magazine* will in future be published by Messrs. Houlston & Wright, who will also have the care of the *Day of Rest*, a very indifferent serial, but one with a capital name.

Mr. BENTLEY has in the press, for immediate publication, the following works:—The fifth and sixth volumes of Dean Hook's "Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury," concluding the life of Archbishop Cranmer; the fourth and concluding volume of Dr. Mommsen's "History of Rome;" Curtius's "History of Greece," 3 vols.; the Hon. Miss Eden's "Travels in India," with illustrations; "The Naturalist in British Columbia and Vancouver's Island," by J. K. Lord, Esq., with numerous illustrations; "Charles Townshend, Wit and Statesman," by Percy Fitzgerald, M.A.; "Modern Eccentrics," by John Timbs, author of "Club Life of London," "A Century of Anecdote," &c. &c.; "After the Storm, or North America in 1865," by J. E. H. Skinner. Author of "The Tale of Daniel Heroism;" a "Life of Beethoven," by Dr. Nohl, translated by Miss Bennett; a Posthumous Work by Silvio Pellico, translated by Lady Georgiana Fullerton; and "Anderleigh Hall," a novel in verse by Edmund C. Nugent. Mr. Bentley also announces, among other novels, "All in the Dark," by J. Sheridan Le Fanu, author of "Uncle Silas" and "Guy Deverell," 2 vols.; "Plain John Orpington," by the Author of "Lord Lynn's Wife" and "Lady Flavia," in 3 vols.; and "The Hidden Sin," in 3 vols.

Messrs. NISBET & Co. have in the press, "The Common Salvation, or Sin, the Sinner, and the Saviour," discourses by the late Rev. Adam Foreman, of the Free Church, Leven, Fife; "St. Paul, his Life and Ministry to the Close of his Missionary Journeys," by the Rev. Thomas Binney, second edition; "The Praise Book," being Hymns of Praise, with accompanying Tunes, by the Rev. William Reid, M.A.; and "Harmonies, Written or Revised," by Henry Edward Dibdin, second edition.

Messrs. MACMILLAN have nearly ready, "Memoir of George Wilson, M.D., F.R.S.E., Regius Professor of Technology in the University of Edinburgh, and Director of the Industrial Museum of Scotland," by his Sister, Jessie Aitken Wilson, a new and condensed edition; "Arithmetical Examples Progressively Arranged, together with Miscellaneous Exercises and Examination Papers," by the Rev. T. Dalton, M.A., Assistant Master at Eton College.

Messrs. HURST & BLACKETT announce as in active preparation, "Recollections of a Life Adventure," by William Stamer, Esq., 2 vols., with portrait; "Heater's Sacrifice," by the Author of "St. Olaves," 3 vols.; "Beyond the Church," 3 vols.

Mr. ALEXANDER STRAHAN has in preparation, "Lives of Indian Officers," forming a biographical history of the civil and military services of India, by John W. Kaye, author of "The Life of Lord Metcalfe," &c., in 2 vols.; "The Reign of Law," essays, by the Duke of Argyll; "Family Prayers for the Christian Year," by Henry Alford, D.D., Dean of Canterbury; "Familiar Lectures on Scientific Subjects," by Sir John F. W. Herschel, Bart.; "The Prospects and Resources of America," ascertained during a visit to the States in the autumn of 1865, by Sir Morton Peto, Bart., M.P.; "Reminiscences of a Highland Parish," by Norman Macleod, D.D., one of Her Majesty's Chaplains; "Doctor Austen's Guests," by William Gilbert, author of "Shirley Hall Asylum," &c.; "De Profundis," &c.; "Travels in the Slavonic Provinces of Turkey in Europe," by G. Muir Mackenzie and A. P. Irby, with illustrations; "London Poems," by Robert Buchanan, author of "Undertones;" "Days of Yore," by Sarah Tytler, author of "Citoyenne Jacqueline;" "Hymns and Hymn-writers of Germany," by W. Fleming Stevenson; "Master and Scholar," poems, original and translated, by E. H. Plumptre, M.A., King's College; "Cosas de Espana, or Spain and the Spaniards," by the author of "Flemish Interiors," 2 vols., illustrated; and "A Summer in Skye," by Alexander Smith, popular edition in 1 vol.

Messrs. DARTON & Co. will shortly publish "Smart Sayings of Distinguished Personages: a Repertory of Wit and Anecdote of

Statesmen, Courtiers, Divines, Musicians, Actors, Poets, and Philosophers."

THE ARUNDEL SOCIETY.—A special general meeting of the members of the Arundel Society for Promoting the Knowledge of Art took place at its Rooms, 24, Old Bond-street, on the 28th ult., at which the Chairman, Mr. Layard, M.P., said that the meeting was called for the purpose of obtaining power to admit members who, under the existing rules, could not enjoy the privileges of subscribers. The number of subscribers was limited to 1,500, and there were now 330 associates waiting to fill vacancies that might occur by death, resignation, or default in the list. On revising the list in January, it was found that there was a slight excess in the limit of 1,500; there was, therefore, no hope that any associates could be admitted for two years. In the meanwhile, these associates were increasing at the rate of 200 per annum. Under these circumstances, the Council now proposed a scheme for enlarging the basis of the Society's operation, and extending the advantages of subscription to a new class of members. The Council does not desire to multiply the copies of the Society's works, but to issue more subjects. It is proposed to form two classes of annual subscribers, and to issue two sets of annual publications, the same in character, but distinct in subject. All the associates now on the books will be invited to join the new class, but they will still succeed in order of priority to the old or first class. The present subscribers will be invited to join the new class, so that, by paying £2. 2s. per annum, they would have two sets of annual publications—one in the spring, and the other in the autumn. Sir Edmund Head, Bart., proposed, and Mr. Du Pré, M.P., seconded a resolution approving of these proposals, which was carried unanimously; and by a subsequent resolution the Council was authorized to revise the existing rules, in accordance with the scheme previously explained and approved, the rules so revised to be submitted for final adoption at the annual general meeting to be held in the ensuing spring.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Abercrombie's Gardener's Pocket Journal. New edit. 18mo., 2s.
 Awake or Dreaming? By the Brothers Wagtail. Cr. 4to., 7s. 6d.
 Begg (Dr.), Happy Homes for Working Men. Feap., 2s.
 Bell's English Poets.—Oldham. Feap., 1s.
 —Wyatt. Feap., 1s.
 Bickersteth (Rev. E.), Comparison to Holy Communion. New edit. 32mo., 1s.
 Brockett (J. T.), Glossary of North Country Words. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Brande (W. T.) and Cox (G. W.), Dictionary of Science. Vol. II. 8vo., 21s.
 Bryant (J. H.), Mutual Influence of Christianity. Cr. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
 Bushnell (H.), The New Life. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Carpenter (W.), English Synonyms. New edit. Feap., 2s. 6d.
 Cator (W.), Meteorological Diagram for 1865, in a Sheet. 6s.
 Conscrip's Revenge (The). Feap., 1s.
 Craig (L. D.), Legal Rights and Liabilities as to Trees and Woods. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Dale (R. W.), Discourses. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 De Pressensé (E.), Jesus Christ, His Life and Work. 8vo., 14s.
 Dobell (H.) on Tuberculosis. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Dumas (A.), The Lady with the Golden Hair. Feap., 2s.
 Ecco Homo. 3rd edit. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Far Off. Part I. New edit. Feap., 4s. 6d.
 Fraser (Sir W.), London Self-Governed. Feap., 3s.
 Frend and Ware's Precedents of Instruments. 2nd edit. 8vo., 20s.
 Garratt (S.), Commentary on Revelation. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Girl's Own Book (The). New edit. 16mo., 4s. 6d.
 Grandineau (F.), Le Petit Précepteur. New edit. 16mo., 3s.
 Guy (J.), Juvenile Letter-Writer. New edit. 18mo., 1s.
 Hamer (J.), Smoker's Text-Book. New edit. 64mo., 2s. 6d.
 Hartshorn (C. H.), Guide to Alnwick Castle. Cr. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
 Heraud (J.), The Wreck of the *London*: a Ballad. Cr. 8vo., 1s.
 Hessey (Dr. J. A.), Sunday: its Origin and History. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 9s.
 Historical Acrostics. 18mo., 1s. 6d.
 Hodgkin (J. E.), Monographs: Ancient and Modern. 8vo., 21s.
 Hole (C.), Brief Biographical Dictionary. 2nd edit. 18mo., 4s. 6d.
 Hume and Smollett's History of England. New edit. Vol. XII. 12mo., 4s.
 How We Spent the Summer: a Voyage en Zigzag. 3rd edit. Folio, 15s.
 Lee (H.) on Diseases of the Veins. 2nd edit. 8vo., 8s.
 Lethbridge (E.), Civil Service Appointments. Feap., 1s.
 Lost and Found: a Temperance Tale. Feap., 2s.
 Lynch (T. K.), A Visit to the Suez Canal. Royal 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Maclear (G. F.), Class Book of New Testament History. 18mo., 4s. 6d.
 Matthews (Captain A.), Fire, the Seaman's Scourge. Cr. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
 Maunders (S.), Treasury of Geography. New edit. Feap., 10s. 6d.
 Oliver (S. P.), Madagascar. Royal 8vo., £2. 2s.
 Oxenham (W.), Latin Elegiacs. 5th edit. Feap., 3s. 6d.
 Overton (Rev. C.), Life of Joseph. Feap., 5s.
 Oxenden (Rev. A.), Our Church and her Services. Feap., 2s. 6d.
 Pattison (J.), On Cancer. New edit. Feap., 2s. 6d.
 Pearce (J.), Violins and Violin Makers. Feap., 3s. 6d.
 —(G.), The Death of Moses, and other Poems. Cr. 8vo., 4s. 6d.
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 Railway Library.—The Night-side of Nature, by Mrs. Crowe. Feap., 2s.
 Reid (Rev. W.), The Praise Book. 2nd edit. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
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 Short and Simple Prayers for Children. New edit. 16mo., 1s.
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 Voices of the Sea in the Words of Scripture. Feap., 3s.
 West (Mrs. J.), Memoirs of, by J. West. New edit. Feap., 2s. 6d.
 Westcott (B. F.), The Bible in the Church. 2nd edit. Feap., 4s. 6d.
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ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY'S First Spring Exhibition this season, Saturday next, March 17th, at 2 o'clock. The Band will play from half-past 2 to half-past 5. Tickets 2s. 6d. each. Tickets not used at the Spring Exhibitions will be admitted to the American Exhibition in June.

THE THIRTY-SECOND ANNUAL REPORT, CASH ACCOUNT, and BALANCE SHEET of the MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, are now printed, and will be given on a written or personal application.

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The Subscription List for the Colonies will not be closed at present.

By order,

FITZROY KELLY, Chairman.

Benchers' Reading Room, Lincoln's Inn.
February 17th, 1866.

COUNCIL OF LAW REPORTING.—To avoid misapprehension, the Council desire to state that there is no intention during the present or any future year to increase the prepaid subscriptions to the Law Reports. An annual subscription of £5 5s., prepaid before the close of the Subscription List, will entitle every subscriber during the present or any future year to the Law Reports, Weekly Notes, and the authorised edition of the Public Statutes for the year. In any increased price which may be charged by Publishers after the 17th of March for the Reports of the present year the Council will derive no benefit, as the difference between the subscription price, £5 5s., and the publication price, £7, is trade profit, with which the Council have nothing to do.

By order,

3, New Square, Lincoln's Inn,
March 6, 1866.

JAMES T. HOPWOOD, Secretary.

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